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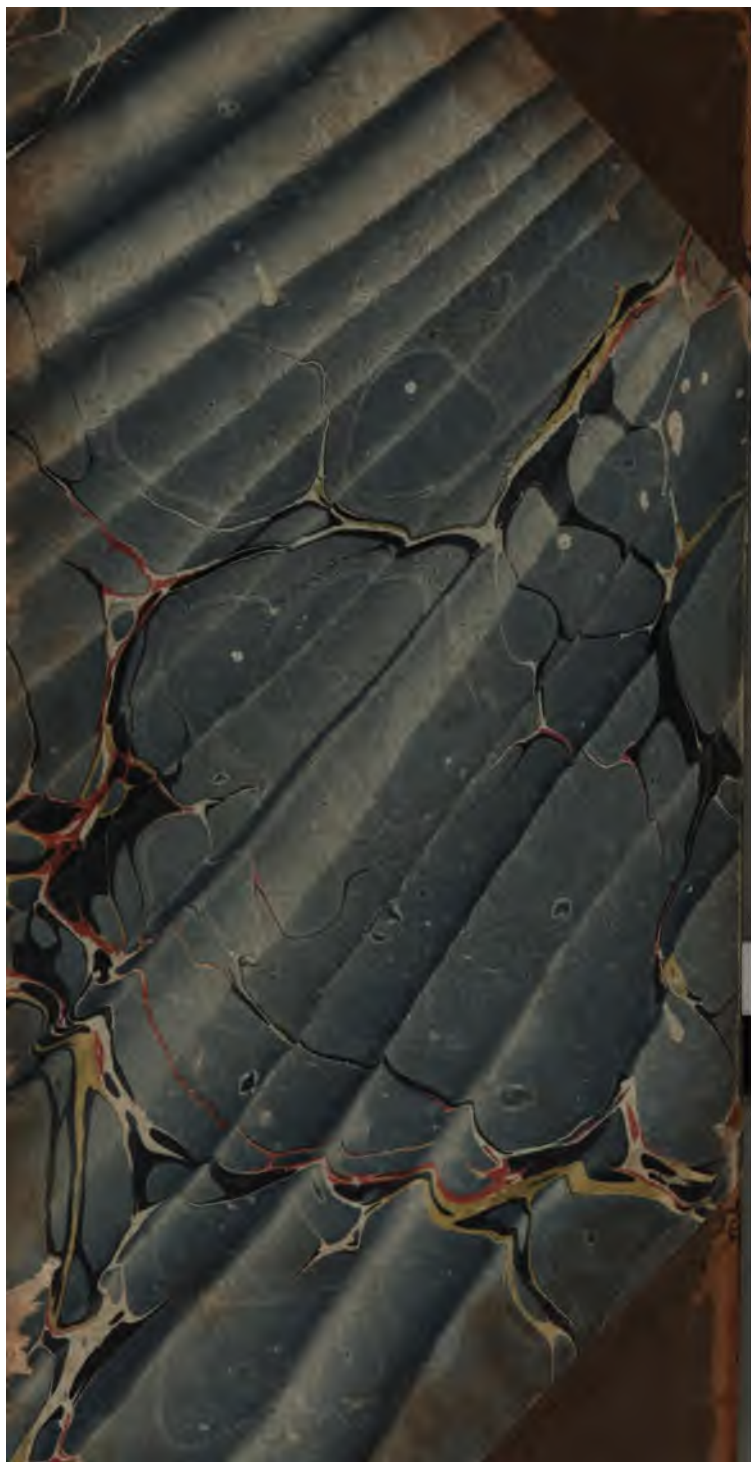
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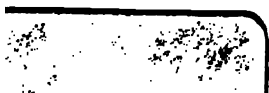




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J
A D A,

J. H. 1828.

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY MARY ANN BROWNE,

AUTHORESS OF "MONT BLANC," &c. &c.

Is not the life of Woman all bound up
In her affections? What hath she to do
In this bleak world alone? It may be well
For Man, in his triumphal course, to move
Uncumbered by soft bonds,—but we were born
For love and grief.

MRS. HEMANS.

Second Edition.

LONDON :

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN;
HATCHARD & SON; AND W. BENNING.

1828.

656.

LONDON :

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DEDICATION.

TO MY DEAR FATHER.

PERHAPS there may be little worth
In these my lays, and nought of mirth —
Too weak to gain a lasting name,
Too frail to live through years of fame ;
I care not, if they pleasure thee,
What is all other praise to me ?
I wish no meed — no praise above
Those that are in thy smile of love ;
I wish no richer boon for them
Than thy fond tear — Affection's gem :
That dear, approving smile of thine,
Is worth an age of fame's sunshine.
Let others struggle for the prize,
I read my guerdon in thine eyes.

Far worthier bards have gone before —
Ages may bring us many more.
Theirs be the picture's finished grace,
Mine the faint outline of the face ;
Too slight to bear the colouring
An abler hand might o'er it fling :
It cannot of their tints partake—
Still, thou wilt love it for my sake.
Then be this simple lay of mine,
An offering at Affection's shrine.

M. A. B.

ALTHOUGH the Authoress of the following Poems is well aware, that the circumstances under which a book is composed are of little consequence to the public at large; she, nevertheless, thinks it advisable to state that the principal Poem ("Ada,") has been ready for the press upwards of twelve months, and has only been prevented appearing earlier, by her not wishing her works to follow each other too rapidly.

It may also be well to mention, that some of the minor Pieces have appeared in respectable periodical publications.

*Elms,
Maidenhead Thicket,
Berks.*



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A D A.

A D A.

CANTO I.

THERE is a fair Ionian isle,
Where summer sunbeams love to smile,
Where every flower is bright and soft,
And sweetest fragrance steals aloft ;
Against whose shore the light waves beat,
But leave no trace of their wild feet ;

Where nature, prodigal of flowers,
Holds her own court 'mid rosy bowers ;
Where the soft radiant summer sky
Spreads its ethereal canopy ;
Deepening, while mellowing its hue,
In its intensity of blue.

And where each dark eye through its lash
Shines like a gem of purest light,
Or midnight stars that brightly flash
Through the light clouds that veil the night.
Where the horizon seems to melt in waves—
An isle of beauty, but an isle of slaves.

There is a ruin on that Isle,
With moss and ivy overgrown,
That cling around the ancient pile,
And seem to claim it for their own.

It was not always so ;—alas !

The owl hoots where the timbrels beat,
And now the rude encroaching grass
Grows where once wantoned snowy feet.
The breeze sings nightly through the hall,
Where softest accents used to fall.
That ruin is the only spot,
Throughout the fertile Isle,
That is not gay, and that doth not
Beneath the sunbeams smile.
For when all else around is fair,
Its turrets still are frowning there.

These ruins once were lordly halls,
And paintings fair adorned these walls ;
And there were gorgeous canopies
O'er rooms now open to the skies ;

And where the summer lightning gleams,
Once beauty's eye shot milder beams.
No one dared ask their master's name,
Or whence he was, or why he came ;
Their owner long had left these lands,
They passed into a stranger's hands.
There was a something in that man,
The keenest eye could never scan ;—
A lurking something in his eye
That would not brook a scrutiny.
Noble and manly was the height,
Misfortune could not ruin quite.
He seemed like some tall forest oak,
That bows not to the thunder stroke,
Although the lightning's vengeful play
Hath swept its fairest leaves away.
The dark curls clustering o'er his brow,
Were sprinkled with time's earliest snow ;

And on his forehead darkly sate
A frown of mixed contempt and hate;—
Hatred for all who were more blessed,
And scornful pity for the rest.

Alas ! why is the human heart
So full of strife, and guile and art !
Howe'er disguised, however fair,
Deceitful passions still are there :
Malice, that twines its serpent coil,
And holds it in ignoble toil ;
Envy, that weaves its bitter chain,
And carries hatred in its train.
These, round the heart are thickly spread,
And, though they slumber, are not dead.
But there is one soft feeling still,
Not guided by an earthly will,

That e'en the darkest heart adorns ;
A rose amidst surrounding thorns—
A spark from heaven—so fair, so pure,
In the heart's tempest 'twill endure ;
'Twill e'en survive the seraph hope,
And scarcely leave the misanthrope.
This radiant beam, caught from above—
This star—this heavenly flame, is love !

And so 'twas in the stranger's soul,
There still that feeling held control ;
Though peace and hope had sighed farewell,
That passion was unquenchable.
The being he loved best on earth,
Died when she gave a daughter birth :
He saw that loved one breathe her last,
Caught her last murmur as it past ;

Heard the last faint half-stifled sigh,
That wafted the pure spirit by ;
Wiped the cold death-dew from her brow,
Yet not one blessed tear would flow—
One drop, to cool his frenzied brain ;
One sigh, to bid him breathe again !
The groan, the sorrow unexpressed,
Was locked within the anguished breast.
He sate immoveably beside
The couch of what was late his bride ;
Took from her cold lips his last kiss,
Then prest the marble hand in his.
In vain the slave, who from her youth
Had served him, tried her power to soothe.
To her kind words he listened not,
But still seemed rooted to the spot ;
Until, to change the course of thought,
The slave his new-born infant brought.

He turned and started, and the child —
Looked in her father's face and smiled.
That smile—that look—that sudden start,
At once unlocked the fettered heart ;
Through it paternal fondness rushed,
And feeling's fountain freely gushed.
But though stern Caspar freely wept,
'Twas not for her who calmly slept :
He could not weep the dead,—but now
The living caused his tears to flow :
For Phoenix-like, one hope consumed,
Another from its ashes bloomed.
Almost to heaven's will reconciled,
Affection centred in that child,
And bade him hope one day to trace
In the sweet babe, her mother's face.

She lived ! and Ada was her name,
Her sainted mother bore the same :
And when her father fondly gazed,
When her dark eye to his was raised,
Then she, for whom first flowed the tear,
Became inexplicably dear ;—
His happiest moments were, when she,
A playful child, danced at his knee,
And with her lisping voice would try
To his caresses to reply ;
And he to deck her raven hair
Would wreath the rose and lily fair,
And see her spend her sportive hours—
The loveliest bud 'midst thousand flowers.
In Ada's eye was that dark spell
On which the poet loves to dwell ;
Which threw around the heart a chain,
To 'scape whose magic seemed in vain ;

For as one tie was broken through,
Another linked itself anew :
Her cheek had not that settled rose
That with some beauty deeply glows ;
It was a rapid blush, that caught
Its hue from every changing thought ;
Each feeling tinged it as it passed,
Each soft shade lovelier than the last.
And sometimes the deep roseate blush
Would o'er her clear, dark forehead flush,
Like the light crimson clouds that fly
Across the mellowed evening sky ;
A form so slim, so very slight—
The gossamer seemed scarce more light ;
A breast, whose unembittered sigh
Spoke to the heart in harmony ;
A gentle smile, that, undefined,
Stole its soft influence o'er the mind :

That form—that sigh—that gentle smile,
Proclaimed her loveliest of her isle.
Ye doubted, if a thing so fair
Was not a vision of the air.
And now sixteen soft smiling springs
Had waved o'er her their balmy wings ;
And her fond father saw her grow,
The only joy he had below.
Of every other hope bereft,
He still had one—a bright one—left ;
Heaven had denied all other bliss,
Yet in its mercy sent him this.
This love his heart could not forsake,
This feeling would not let it break.

It was a lovely eve, the breeze
Sighed fondly through the cypress trees,

And stole its perfume from the rose,
That wrapt its red leaves in repose.
And, in the distance, a white sail
Spread to the mellow evening gale,
Was gliding gently o'er the sea,
That like a babe slept quietly.
And there the crimson western sky,
Tinged the deep waters with its dye ;
And the fair Isle beneath those skies
Shone like an earthly Paradise.
And Caspar with his lovely child
Looked on the evening star, that smiled
From the red west, like a dew gem
Upon a rose's diadem.
A rapture seemed to fill his breast,
And his sad heart was almost blest ;
For while with that sweet maid he sate,
He could not feel quite desolate ;

And o'er his Ada fondly hung,
While to her lute she sweetly sung—

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Star of the west ! thy dewy beam
Looks o'er our mingled joy and woe—
Reflected in the glassy stream
Thou deign'st to light the world below ;
While the waves ripple their reply
To the low breeze's evening sigh.

Star of the west ! when nature sleeps,
And the last glance of day is gone,
And when the balmy dew-drop weeps,
Thou shin'st and sparklest there alone,
And throw'st thy ray of silver light
On the dun breast of coming night.

Star of the west ! thy soft beams fall
To light alike the prince and slave
Impartially, they shine for all :
The sailor wandering o'er the wave—
The king beneath his canopy—
And the poor serf, may gaze on thee.

Star of the west ! whose glories burn,
As if to guard while we are sleeping,
Ere we retire, to thee we turn,
And gaze where thou thy watch art keeping.

Thy gentle influence o'er us shed,
And with sweet slumbers bless our bed.

And Thou, who mad'st the glorious star
And guid'st it through its heavenly flight,
Who guard'st us wheresoe'er we are,
Through brilliant day or gloomy night ;
Oh, shed around the willing heart,
The light that never can depart !

She ceased—and the angelic strain
Seemed echoed by the breeze again.
And, oh ! if angels can descend
From heaven, on mortals to attend,
They would have caught the closing tone,
And borne it to the Eternal throne.

And then her father fondly pressed
His child to his enraptured breast ;
And kissed the cheek, whose rosy blush
Glowed with a deeper, softer flush—
For the best pleasure she could know,
Was to console her father's woe.
Alas ! he was too happy then—
He ne'er must be so blest again !
He knew not of the storm that spread
Its cloud o'er his devoted head.
That hour was but a sunny dream.
That shewed its fair delusive beam ;
Too bright to dwell beneath the sky—
Too fair to be reality.

And Ada and her sire arose,
Unconscious of their coming woes.

They turned their steps towards their home,
And talked of happy days to come.
But who can speak that maid's alarm,
When a rude hand had seized her arm :
Ere she could shriek, a sudden blow
Had laid her helpless father low.
Struck to the earth by villain hand,
The crimson torrent dyed the sand !
And Ada saw no more,—her brain
Reeled, and she lost all sense of pain ;
And the scene swam before her eyes,
And she became the Pirates' prize.
Swiftly and silently they bore
Their senseless captive to the shore,
Where a boat waiting their command
Shot like an arrow from the land ;
Quickly they reached their vessel's side,
That danced impatient on the tide ;

And still their prisoner moved not,— still
She lay, all pale, and cold, and chill :
They tried their efforts to restore
To life, the helpless form they bore ;
Until it seemed at length that life
Might be triumphant in the strife,
And the sweet maid began to give
Signs that with care she still might live.
The struggling sigh, 'twixt life and death,
That either gives or takes the breath ;
The first faint motion of the heart,
That sends its thrill through every part ;
The tremble over all the frame,
Like flickerings of a new-lit flame ;
And the faint colour that just streaks
With languid tints the pallid cheeks ;
The quivering lips o'er which the breath
Just trembles, like a rose-bud wreath

Expanding in the smiles of spring,
And kissed by zephyr's balmy wing :
These all were there—and the fair lid
Rose from the large dark eye it hid,
And thought re-linked its broken chain,
And Ada woke to life again !

She looked around,—but all was dark
Save one pale lamp, whose tiny spark
Shot a faint ray that showed the gloom
That reigned around the cabin-room ;
And all was silent as the grave,
Save the light ripple of the wave
Against the vessel's side,
Or shout, that the night-breezes bore
From the receding island-shore
Across the foamy tide ;

Or where, in slow succession fell
The footsteps of the sentinel.
When a light phantom seemed to rise
Before the prisoner's swimming eyes ;
Its white hand trimmed the expiring light,
And the pale flame again burnt bright,
And the fair being seemed to glide
Until it stood by Ada's side.
Could it, indeed, be flesh and blood,
That silently beside her stood ! —
One kind hand raised the captive's head,
The other smoothed the lowly bed ;
That hand was fair, and soft, and warm.—
It was indeed a human form !
Although so lovely, it might seem
An image of some heavenly dream :
Fair rose the stately swan-like neck,
That bore the spoils of many a wreck,

And the light auburn tresses strayed
Around a brow that seemed but made
To bear a royal diadem,
Or ('twas as rich a treasure)—them.
And her's were those deep heavenly eyes,
That but outdo the sapphire's dyes :
For who on such orbs ever gazed,
And felt not that his soul was raised
Above the bounds of low desire,
And mingled with celestial fire ;
As if, while yet below 'twas given,
In looking there, to look on heaven.
Such gentleness with beauty blending,
In eyes that only spoke of love,
She seemed a seraph-form descending,
To guard o'er Ada from above.
And the fair stranger tried to soothe
The maiden,—and the hand of youth

Is always ready to receive
The comfort soothing words can give.
And those kind accents were a balm
To Ada's soul—a gentle calm,
Thrown for an instant o'er the sea,
Though all beneath was misery.
And then the thoughts of him she left,
In her, of all he loved bereft,
Sent like the lightning, their keen dart
To rankle in her sorrowing heart ;
That heart gave way with one deep sob,
That through each fibre sent its throb—
Big, thick, and fast, the tear-drops came,
To cool the brain that seemed on flame.

As mountain streams, when first they gush
From their high prison, madly rush,

Bearing whate'er would stop their course
Forward with their tremendous force ;
Yet when they reach the plain below,
In pure unruffled streamlets flow :
So 'twas with Ada's tears !—her grief
At first refused to find relief ;
Although the stranger by her side
In kindest words to soothe her tried.
Until the first wild impulse gone,
Her tears flowed calmly, gently on ;
And then her fevered, throbbing head,
Sank down again upon the bed ;
She wept, till she no more could weep,
And maddening thought was lost in sleep :
Yet still the lovely stranger gazed,
And her blue eye to heaven was raised,
As if 'twas with a secret prayer,
To melt the Pirate's heart, to spare
A thing so beautiful—so fair !

And one pure pitying tear she shed—
Then sate her down beside the bed
To watch, till morning's glorious glance
Should o'er the rippling waters dance.
Ask you, how such a lovely frame,
On board a Pirate's vessel came ;—
Ask ye, if torn by force away
From home, she had become their prey ;—
Or, if her duty bid her share
A father's lot, a father's care ?
Ah, no ! ---'twas none of these, that bore
Fair Leila from her native shore.
'Twas none of these that bade her roam
With lawless robbers, from her home,
With them to traverse the blue wave ;
She was no daughter—captive—slave,
Except to one soft feeling, whose
Dear bonds she never wished to loose.

What cared she for all other bliss,
 So long as heaven still left her this?—
 For this, she left her native land ;
 For this, she joined the pirate band ;
 For this, she still endured to rove :
 This feeling was—fond, faithful love !
 She loved as woman seldom loves ;
 Her's was that feeling, caught from heaven,
 That time and change never removes,
 From which the heart can ne'er be riven.
 For be the soul to madness driven,
 That feeling still would hold its sway ;
 The last beam o'er the shades of even',
 That lingering shows it once was day !
 The being she adored was rude—
 Aye ! stern as the wild dashing sea,
 Till by her gentle voice subdued,
 He sank into tranquillity ;

But 'twas but as the roaring wave,
 Stilled by a smiling summer's day,
While many a venturous seaman's grave,
 And sunken rock, beneath it lay.
He had been happy once ; but now
 Dark passions had disturbed his heart,
And bred, and rankled there, although
 They could not tear its chords apart.
'Twas when life looked all fair, all bright,
 And the fond youth's untired eye,
Gazed on the dazzling rainbow light
 Hope shed on sad reality ;
'Twas in that time of happiness,
When every object seemed to bless ;
A cloud rose in that fairy sky,
To blot its pure serenity.

He had a friend,—alas ! that name
Soon sank before a warmer flame ;
The tie, by jealousy undone,
Melted like frost before the sun ;
It grew at length a bitter feud,
And ended in a deed of blood.
Outlawed, he left his native land,
The Captain of a pirate band !
Leila, he loved in days of bliss,
And would she now forsake in this ?
Oh, no !—that heart still fondly clung
To his, for whom first passion sprung ;
And when he left his friends, and home,
An outcast pirate chief to roam,
Where'er his restless footsteps bent,
Still with him his sweet Leila went.
The world might say she rashly loved—
What cared she, if her heart approved ;

And friends might blame the sacrifice —
It seemed a great one to their eyes ;
Alas ! they knew not how love binds
Resistlessly the strongest minds ;
They knew not how his fetters, thrown
Round hearts, will make them all his own ;
Else they would not have blamed the heart,
That from its dear one could not part ;
Nor she, whose faith so firmly tried,
Became the wandering Pirate's bride.
Still she was happy,—nothing yet
She saw, that made her home regret ;
And when she leaned upon his breast,
Or when his lip to her's was pressed,
Then Leila felt most truly blest.
She almost shared his stern delight,
When winds and waters in their might

Tossed the light bark upon the sea,
Where still it floated buoyantly.
The storm that scared the mariner,
Appeared sublimely grand to her.
How could she feel a doubt or fear,
When her loved Pirate lord was near!
If aught could make his heart rejoice,
It was the music of her voice—
If aught could touch fond feelings' chord,
It was the sweet, the liquid word
That told she loved ;—and then would rise
The dew in those long tearless eyes ;
And while his Leila's cheek he prest,
The sigh would leave his mournful breast.
He sighed not for the friends he left,
He wept not that of them bereft ;
He fled with her his native shore—
She was his friend, his wife—and more !

He only sighed to think how she
With him was wandering on the sea,—
To think, to one he still was dear ;
This only moved the sigh or tear.

And Leila, like a seraph shade,
Sate by the captive island maid,
And watched the tear that as she slept
From the long jet-black lashes crept.
Yes ; Ada slept,—but yet the mind
By slumber's fetters unconfined,
Was still awake : and Ada dreamed

She saw again her native bowers ;
And their fair buds and blossoms seemed,
As bright as heaven's immortal flowers ;
Birds poured their sweet songs on her ears,
Soft as the music of the spheres ;

When suddenly before her stood
Her father, covered o'er with blood !—
Again she dreamt she was on the sea,
And the winds and the waves slept quietly ;
And she stood on a gallant vessel's deck,
And all was so calm, that not a speck
Slept on the bosom of the air,
And every thing was bright and fair ;
But suddenly a cloud arose,
To disturb that tranquil scene's repose,
And the storm-blast shrilly whistled and blew,
And around the vessel the surges grew,
And that bark amidst the showery spray,
Was whirled like a leaf in an autumn day ;
And the rest was all confused and wild,
Like the early visions of a child ;
Yet she thought that a strange and unearthly form,
That seemed to ride on the wings of the storm,

Screamed in the terrified maiden's ear,
Wordless sounds, that yet told of fear,
That struck to her heart like a wild death bell,
As if she had heard a funeral knell ;
And as it seemed to seize her arm,
She shrieked—and that cry dispelled the charm ;
And the spirit and vision all past away,
As she opened her eyes to the light of day !

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

CANTO II.

'Twas morning—and the glorious sun was risen
From his bright chamber in the rosy east,
Bursting, as if with joy, his misty prison,
To shine upon the ocean's sparkling breast;
The last star feebly twinkled in the west,
A light breeze rippled o'er the dancing sea.
The sentinels retired to seek their rest,
The blood-red pennant floated buoyantly,
And thus the pirates sang, in their wild ecstasy.

SONG.

Swiftly o'er the waters glides

Our gallant stately bark,

Like a noble swan she rides

Over the billows dark ;

Are our hearts less glad and free,

Do they dance less merrily?

She hath dashed through many a sea,

While high the white foam flew,

While the winds howled tumultuously,

Yet still she laboured through ;

O'er her deck washed many a wave,
Are our souls than her less brave ?

Lightly flutters from her mast,
The signal we obey ;
No other duty holds us fast,
We own no other's sway;
'Neath that pennant we'll maintain
Our rule o'er the unmeasured main.

Now the glorious light of day
Shines upon the wave,
Gilding with its golden ray
Many a seaman's grave :
Do our thoughts less brightly glow,
Or in narrower channel flow ?

No ! we still will hold our reign
Over the waters wide ;
Courage, for our queen retain,
And danger for our bride :
Fearless, we'll give away our breath,
Nor e'er be captives, but to death !

Such was the song, that with the rising sun,
Rose from each pirate's voice and lips, save one,
Who stood in silent reverie apart,
As if some weight lay heavy on his heart ;
Watching, as stately on her way she dashed,
Each little wave, that 'gainst their vessel splashed,

Or, as upon his brow the showering spray
Fell, with his hand just wiping it away ;
Slender and active was that pirate's form,
And darkened was his brow—for many a storm,
And burning sun, had shed their deep tint there,
And bronzed a face that once might have been fair.
But though embrowned by many a sunny sky,
Unaltered was his limbs' strict symmetry ;
So delicately slight, ye might have deemed
That Lama was not of the sex he seemed ;
Dark were the lashes that he seldom raised,
Except when for some daring action praised ;
And then, a passing flush would tinge his cheek,
And die again, as vivid lightnings break
From their high prison in the gloomy sky,
And quickly born, expire as instantly.
Although no manliness his form displayed,
His voice was only heard to be obeyed ;—

His accents fell as evening echoes fall,
 Each word as gentle and as musical ;
 Mingled and blended with a harsher tone,
 The dullest might perceive was not his own ;
 Yet through his actions breathed the misanthrope.
 Oh ! was it blighted love, or blasted hope ;
 Or sorrow stepping o'er the bounds of time,
 Had seared the blossom ere it reached its prime ;
 Or, was it guilt that struck the fatal blow ?—
 None knew the truth, though many sought to know.
 No word, no question could the tale betray ;
 If asked—he only frowned and turned away ;
 Or if they strove to gain it by their wile,
 His only answer was a bitter smile ;
 Yet was he ever foremost in the fight,
 Its rage and tumult seemed his chief delight.
 How would his dark eye kindle, when the hand
 So delicate, yet steady, swayed the brand ;

Then through his veins the blood would quickly gush;
 And the deep colour o'er his dark cheek flush;
 And as new life within him seemed to glow,
 How would he rush along to meet the foe!
 But sometimes milder feelings had their turn—
 Feelings that told he was not always stern;
 Often, when grappling with his enemy,
 The tear resistlessly would fill his eye,
 Although he strove to crush the weakness down,
 And veil the feeling in a darker frown.

Oh! pity is a seraph, which can bring
 The tear from e'en the soul's most secret spring;
 The breast that once was known to gentleness,
 Must still awake to pity, at distress;
 She is the last to leave the heart,—alone,
 She will exist there, though e'en love be gone.

Howe'er we strive the emotion to conceal,
It still is there ;—the human heart must feel ;
Although of every tie on earth bereft,
Its hope destroyed, and not a pleasure left,
Still, like the ivy o'er a mouldering stone,
She clings around the soul—and will be known.
Known, in the tear-drop, that unbidden starts ;
Known, in the sigh that breathes from withered hearts :
Aye ! though they will not own soft pity's name,
Still in their soul she lives, and works the same.

E'en Lama sometimes felt its tender force,
Although he strove to stay it at its source :
In his whole conduct something you might scan
Of more than woman—and of less than man ;
And sometimes through its dark veil gleamed a mind,
That surely once was noble and refined ;

And through the misanthropic mask appeared
A heart, not callous quite, but deeply seared ;
For when his comrades were all joy and glee,
He never joined in their rude revelry.
As a watch-fire, that sheds its ruddy light,
And blazes through the darkness of the night,
When its flames light the sky's dark bosom o'er,
And show the clouds that were not seen before ;
So, when his comrades' souls with joy were fired,
Lama more gloomily away retired,
And their enjoyment only seemed to show,
In contrast, deeper gloom upon his brow :
He never joined, when these rude beings sung ;
That morn, his was the only silent tongue.
The last notes died along the watery waste—
He started—then with hurried footsteps paced
The vessel's deck, as if when that song ceased,
He was from some benumbing spell released.

A spell to more than one!—while Ada slept,
 That strain upon her slumbering visions crept,
 And mingled with the phantoms of the brain,
 Where fancy, holding undivided reign,
 Received the sounds and moulded them again,
 And blended them in Ada's troubled dreams;
 In the dread likeness of that spirit's screams.
 And as the song gave o'er, the magic broke,
 And Ada, with a startled cry, awoke!
 She 'woke—but thought seemed lost,—she knew not
 where
 She was, or what event had brought her there;
 All that had passed, seemed for a time forgot,—
 That fatal eve, on life's page was a blot,
 Dark and confused, as a bewildered dream;
 Till through it truth, like lightning, seemed to gleam,
 And memory caught, in one broad backward glance,
 That scene, with every dreadful circumstance.

Remembrance, like a snake, each heart-string stung,
 And then, her father!—Oh, 'twas that, that wrung!
 She started up—her late pale cheek became
 In one short instant, covered as with flame;
 While from her brow, the blue veins seemed to start,
 As if each vital drop had left her heart.
 It was too much—she could not bear that pang,
 But wildly towards the gentle Leila sprang;
 Then threw herself before her on her knee:—
 “Save me! oh, save me!—Lady, set me free!”
 Her feelings choked her,—she no more could speak;
 But, the tears streaming down her burning cheek,
 Her eye intently fixed on Leila's face,
 As if it would the least emotion trace,
 While in her breast she seemed to lock the sigh,
 The living statue of mute agony!
 Struck Leila's heart with feelings more intense,
 Than torrents of the richest eloquence,

And her voice trembled, as she gently said :

“ Fear nothing: nought will harm thee, sweetest
maid!

“Thou wilt be happy yet;”—but there she stopped,

And on the captive's brow one pure tear dropped.

Too well she knew the temper of her lord,

To venture on another soothing word ;

She knew he never would resign that prize,

Nor dared she give a hope she could not realize.

The day passed sadly, and the evening fell—

The light wind to the last beam sighed farewell ;

Then calmly o'er the quiet waters crept,

And on their pure and placid bosom slept.

The flag drooped heavily against the mast,

And all was deadly calm, too calm to last ;

And dark clouds hung along the western sky,
Like funeral folds of heavy drapery,
As if they waited for the daylight's close,
To drop their curtains o'er the sun's repose;
Yet on their ragged edge the last ray tinged,
And with a deep and golden border fringed,
And o'er their bosoms lighter clouds careered,
That, deeply red, surcharged with fire appeared;
A distant, indistinct and murmuring sound,
Was all that broke the calm that reigned around,
And something like a weight, so sultry—warm,
Hung o'er, forebodings of a thunder storm;
Then those dark clouds slowly began to spread
Their pall-like, sable curtains overhead;
And distant thunder like a signal drum,
Bade heaven's artillery to battle come;
And then that thunder muttered o'er the waves,
And roused them from their sleep in coral caves;

And every billow shook its foamy crest,
And danced and leaped for joy on ocean's breast,
And darted onwards with a wild delight,
Like white plumed warriors rushing to the fight;
While the red sky its vivid lightnings sent,
To mingle in the roaring element ;
And the long whistle of the 'wakened wind,
Seemed calling to the clouds that lagged behind.
Where was the vessel, midst that wild uproar?
And where ! oh, where was the fair form it bore ?
Where was the ship ?—'twas indistinctly seen,
The darksome seas, and watery cliffs between—
Now hidden, as the waves washed o'er its deck—
Now rising for a moment, a black speck !
'Tis gone at last,—I cannot see it more ;
And where it was, the waves are warring o'er ;
And high above the boiling of the surge,
The sea-birds scream the vessel's funeral dirge ;

And the wild shriek of death and agony,
Is lost amidst the howling of the sea !

The night, with all its horrors past away,
And brightly o'er the waters shone the day ;
The tempest fled away, like a wild dream,
Dispersed and scattered by the morning beam ;
And where was Ada ?—surely heaven had spread
Its guardian arm above that spotless head,
It had protected her that dreadful eve,
And saved the guilty, that the pure might live :
Yes ! she still lived—the ship, the crew were gone,
All, except Ada, and one other one ;
One, who amidst the tempest's angry strife,
Had risked his own, to save the captive's life ;
'Twas Lama !—while the storm-blast wildly blew,
When hope of life had left the other crew ;

He stood, unterrified amidst the wreck,
And saw where Ada sank upon the deck.
To think a thing so beautiful must die ;
The tear he could not check, bedimmed his eye.
The thought passed o'er him ; -- Oh ! if he could save
That lovely being from the dreadful wave !
He seized the prisoner, -- wildly darted from
The vessel's side, and plunged amidst the foam.
He knew that land was near : -- Oh ! could they reach
The not far-distant sandy island beach,
They should be safe ! -- He made one effort more,
And with his senseless burden sprang on shore.
None else were saved ; it seemed as if affright
Struck on those souls, so fearless in the fight, --
Those who in battle were so desperate,
Trembled and sank beneath " the will of Fate !"

But two were found :—the self-same wave that bore
Ada and Lama to the island shore,
Cold, pale, and breathless, on the shingles flung,
A pair, who to each other fondly clung ;
Who, as they lived together, so had died—
The wandering pirate and his lovely bride !
In his embrace she had resigned her breath,
And there they lay, unsevered, e'en by death.
Yes ; Leila's life was gone,—her soul had past
To better worlds—true, faithful, to the last ;
But that the smile, that once so sweetly mixed
With pensiveness, was now serenely fixed ;
And that a something, most remote from strife,
Hung o'er the face—too still, too calm for life,
You had gazed on her, and forborne to weep,
And thought her placid death was only sleep.
There was her lover too : one arm still clasped
His Leila's form ; the other wildly grasped

The long bright tresses of her auburn hair,
That he had vainly seized, in his despair.
And he was gone, too—from the human clay
The restless, feverish soul had past away ;
And the dark frown and stern commanding eye
Were stiffened into cold rigidity.
Unnerved and powerless was the steady hand,
That once had wielded the unpitying brand ;
Silent and cold for ever was the tongue,
On whose least word, life, death, and freedom hung.
His heart was still—its passions and its pride
Were quenched, and there he lay unmoved beside
His bride's fair corse, that to his bosom prest,
Like a dove nestling on an eagle's breast.

Just thrown beyond the raging billows' reach,
Lay Ada, senseless, on the sea-worn beach,

And by her Lama knelt, and gently raised
Her head, and wiped the brow the foam had glazed;
Then o'er her cheek, the colour faintly flushed,
And through her veins th' unfettered life-blood
rushed ;

Then Lama raised her, and, half bore, half led
That faint meek form to where a cypress spread
A grateful shade, and with the tenderest care
Soothed Ada's fears, and bid her not despair.
And Ada listened to the gentle tone,
As soft, as silvery sweet as was her own :
Oh ! was it man, that thus was watching o'er—
The gentlest female could have done no more.
No ! in man's breast such feelings weakly glide ;
In woman's heart they rush, a boundless tide !
Yes ; they would wander e'en through Lama's
breast,

Their power was felt beneath a pirate's vest ;

And now, to Ada's sight that breast lay bare,
And showed a woman's heart was beating there.
Yes ; it was woman, who, through toil and strife,
The blood and battle of that wandering life,
Still kept her sex and story unrevealed,
Still female fear and weakness had concealed ;
And 'neath some powerful charm, some magic spell,
Had hid her sex's terrors all farewell.
Now, feelings that had slumbered many a day,
Were roused within the bosom where they lay,
And while her cheek glowed with awakened shame,
Even thus from her own lips the story came.

LAMA'S TALE.

'Twas in a glorious eastern isle,—
Where the acacias lightly move
Their snowy wreaths ; where sun-beams smile,
Brightly, but scorchingly, like love,—
Round which the ocean lies so clear,
The deep red coral blushes through
The waves that catch its crimson hue,
While the soft roseate tints appear
Mixed with the sky's reflected blue !

Where, brilliant as the golden rays
That shine when day gives place to night,
The shells, that are as rainbows bright,
Glow through the waters, in a blaze
Of glorious gold and purple light !
Where roses blossom through the year,
And palms their green-plumed branches rear ;
And where the very zephyr comes,
O'erladen with such rich perfumes,
It sighs and droops its airy wings,
And sleeps amidst the sweets it brings.

Where beauteous birds go glancing by,
And shining like unearthly things,
Making light round them as they fly,
And shedding glories from their wings ;

Where the fond bulbul sweetly sings,
And warbling woos his love, the rose ;
And where the evening only brings
A fount of light, that purer flows
Than that which with the day removed :—
'Twas there I lived, and there I loved.

Loved ! did I say ?—I idolized,
Nor thought the flame could burn more dim,
Nor dreamed the heart could be despised,
Whose life-blood should have flowed for him.
I knew not passion's fickleness :
And only hoped, ere love grew less,
And ere affection's sun should cease
To shed its light around the heart,
Our faithful spirits might depart
Together to the realms of peace ;

Like censers on a funeral fire,
Whose fragrant sweets together blending,
Rise up to heaven as they expire,
In one soft odourous cloud ascending.

Alas ! how little we suspect
What lies within the scroll of fate,
Could I have thought that cold neglect,
Or hope's most fairy vision wrecked,
Could ere have turned my love to hate ?
I knew not time might break the spell,
And hope and comfort sigh farewell.
I had but tasted passion's cup,
And felt its syren power to bless ;
Nor knew that I must drink it up,
And find the dregs were bitterness.

Ten moons of pleasure rolled away,
And happier grew each opening day :
Alas ! joy's current rolled too fast,
And left the heart, that held its hope
On such an ocean, wrecked at last,
And all unfit with woe to cope.

'Twas that sweet hour, when radiantly
The sun sinks in the western sea,
And the light mists, that all day, curled
Within themselves, on ocean's breast
Lay sleeping—from their place of rest
Arise, to wander o'er the world,
And circle lightly round the globe,
And wrap it, like a spirit's robe ;
When fire-flies sparkle through the shade,
Like wandering spirits who have strayed

From their own sphere, and unforgiven,
Are doomed to roam 'twixt earth and heaven,—
'Twas then I sought the hallowed spot
Of meeting ; but I found him not.

I waited long—he came at last,
But as he came, a snow-white veil,
That fluttered on the evening gale,
Through the dark wood glanced quickly past.
It was enough ; that heart had dared
To love another !—was it spared ?
No ! madness fired my desperate brain,
And ran like lightning through each vein,
And when my cheek that false one prest,
I plunged a dagger in his breast !
I saw him fall : the red blood gushed,—
I saw no more, but wildly rushed

Away from that dark spot, and sought
In scenes more vile to murder thought.
Long years have passed since that dark day,
But memory will not wear away ;
She holds my heart-strings like a snake,
And gnaws them, yet they will not break,
And though each wound invade a vital part,
Still she stings on the unconsuming heart.

The lengthening shadows told the day was done,
And on the horizon's edge reclined the sun,
Resting on ocean's breast his blazing brow,
To gaze on nature ere he plunged below ;

Then sudden sank, as if in haste to lave
His fiery tresses in the western wave.
And then came tints as bright as he had been,
To shed their gentler glories o'er the scene;
All his reflected radiance shone aloft,
Lovely as ere he sank, but far more soft.
As love, released from earthly woe and pain,
In heaven with purer feelings lives again.
There, soft as hues the maiden's lips disclose,
Blushed the deep crimson of the opening rose ;
And there the lovelier violet's purple dye,
Lived on the rain-bow bosom of the sky ;
And the bright evening star appeared through all,
Like fairy-lamp at fairy festival,
That would remain when all the pageant o'er,
That splendid vision should appear no more :
Like faithful passion, that will not decay
Though hope's most lovely dreams have past away.

Beneath that sky the western ocean rolled
 Its rippling waves, a sea of liquid gold ;
 And as soft winds held o'er it playful strife,
 It heaved its bosom "like a thing of life!"*
 And Ada rose : but, oh ! not mine to tell,
 The hopes—the fears—that in her bosom swell,
 When looking round, she saw that ruined pile,
 And found she had regained her native isle !
 With a heart beating betwixt hopes and fears,
 With eyes that overflowed with joyous tears,
 Her light feet bleeding, and her bosom bare,
 Save where 'twas mantled by her raven hair ;
 She rushed along—whilst Lama to restrain
 Her hurried footsteps strove ; but strove in vain.
 Hope had relit again her sinking fires,
 As the flame brightest burns ere it expires.

* Byron.

She reached the gate, but her cold trembling hand
 Had scarcely strength to ope the iron band;
 She flew along the well known corridor—
 Another moment, and her doubt is o'er!
 Who hath felt such a moment?—Who hath not—
 The time that must decide our earthly lot,
 And all hope's visions at a glance destroy,
 Or raise us to the height of human joy?—
 'Tis o'er; and in an instant Ada knew
 Her hopes all vanished, and her fears all true.

There lay her father, with enough of breath,
 To show he was not quite the prize of death;
 But reason had forsaken him, and each thought,
 Despair with dreadful phantasies had fraught;
 Sometimes he muttered of forsaken maid,
 Of vows forgotten, confidence betrayed;

And then would laugh aloud with accents wild,
 And in his madness bless and curse his child !
 Oh ! who can tell the start, the wild surprise,
 When his lost daughter stood before his eyes :
 " It is her spirit,—gentle phantom ! say,
 " Art thou to bear thy father's soul away ?
 " Or is it an illusion of my brain ?
 " 'Tis gone : no, there it stands; 'tis there again !"
 " Oh ! father, father ! why these visions wild ?
 " Look on thy Ada, know'st thou not thy child ?"
 " Oh ! if thou art indeed my child, come nigh,
 " And I will kiss that gentle brow, and die."
 She knelt beside him, to her face he raised
 His eyes, and on each well known feature gazed,
 Took ~~her~~ pale hand, and prest her paler cheek,
 And strove a blessing on his child to speak.
 But the words died in murmurs on his lips ;
 The wild eye, quenched in nature's last eclipse,

Waxed dim and beamless, the death-sweat rose cold
Upon his brow, the hand relaxed its hold ;
From the dark cheek the last life-drop retired,—
He sank upon his pillow and expired !

What is that scream that rings around the room ?
What is that figure rushing through the gloom ?
'Twas Lama !—on the corse she fixed her gaze,
And stood awhile transfixed in mute amaze ;
For it was he,—he who so false had proved,
The very being she so madly loved !
She stood a moment like a breathless stone,
Then turned—a moment more, and she was gone.
The astonished slaves stood trembling and aghast,
Nor strove to stop her as she wildly past.
She looked behind her as she reached the door,
Then darted onward, and was seen no more !

None know her fate ; though many say, that night
 A form, shown faintly by the pale moonlight,
 Was seen to hurry downwards to the beach,

And then a splash was heard, like falling stone
 Into the ocean, but ere they could reach

The fatal spot, the form and all were gone ;
 And nought but wild conjecture lives to tell,
 If it was Lama who thus rashly fell.

And Ada did not long survive her sire,
 Although death slowly quenched the vital fire ;
 The stem from which that blossom sprang was gone—
 The flower was there, but could it live alone !
 Five moons she withered, but so slow, it seemed
 At first from death's grasp she might be redeemed,
 But then came all that nameless loveliness,
 That grew the fairer as their hopes grew less ;

The light that sparkled in the sunken eye,
And looked too bright for aught below the sky ;
The fading cheek, where hectic roses smiled,
And for a time the gazer's eye beguiled.
This could not last, it could not long endure,
For death, though slow his footsteps, still is sure :
He came at last, and, from that fair decay,
Without a pang, the spirit past away.

And there, unmarked by sculptured stone,
She sleeps beside that much-loved one ;
Close by each other are the graves,
And over his a cypress waves,
And shields from sun and rain the rose,
That o'er her mouldering ashes blows ;
And maidens love and seek that spot,
And think of her ;— for unforget,

Although long past, is that sad tale ;
Though not so sad as once by much,
For years are casting o'er their veil,
And time hath lent a mellowing touch,
To soften all the picture down,
Sweeten the tears, and hide the frown.
But be it as it may, when all
Gay nature holds her festival,
To welcome spring, young virgins meet,
And garlands weave of blossoms sweet,
And hang their votive wreaths above
The grave of her who died for filial love ;—
Not for the warm unholy flame,
That oft profanes affection's name ;
Not for a feeling rashly caught,
And founded upon sordid thought :
Oh, no ! if love's light can endure
Eternally, it must be pure.

And, oh! the feelings it confers
Upon the heart, must be like her's.

Around the ruin, maidens say,
When the dew falls at set of day,
And winking stars bestud the sky,
And hang their silvery lamps on high ;
Soft floating sounds, like lutes are heard,
So sweet, that even night's own bird
Ceases to sing his vesper song,
To listen as they pass along !
Nay, even o'er them terror flings
Such fancies, they have thought that wings
Of unseen beings passing nigh,
Have touched them as they trembled by ;
But not the boldest in the isle,
Would venture in that dreaded pile,

For they say voices from the hall
Oft mingle with the waterfall,
And through the ruin on the hill
Her gentle spirit wanders still.

My lyre is silent,—of its strains,
Nought but an echo now remains,
And that will quickly die away,
Reader ! unless thou woo'st it stay.
I wish not on thee to intrude,
But, in some time of solitude,

Through weak its tone, though light its power,
It may divert an idle hour,
And thou in kindness may'st prolong
A little while, my pensive song.

Think of it as a fleeting flower,
Not nursed within a summer bower;
But one that singly must defy,
Perchance, a clouded wintry sky—
Remember, that a breath may blow
The first spring blossom from the bough.

If aught within its feeble tone
Should touch thy heart, then be it shown,
Not in the wily flatterer's power,
But in not shortening its brief hour;

And, for the gem that in it lay—
Throw not the casket quite away.
Perhaps this may be lost on thee—
Well, then, I can but look, and see
From the dark cloud it brightened driven,
The Iris vanish from hope's heaven ;
And, looking on to future years,
See it dissolved away in tears.

Show kindness if thou canst—if not,
Let me in silence be forgot ;
But spare the rude, insulting jest,
'Tis wounding to a woman's breast :
If aught of pity dwell in thine,
That arrow will not lodge in mine.

The tale is told ; but, wherefore stay,
And with apologies delay ?
Such as it is, it meets thine eye,
Prepared to either live or die ;
When smile or frown hath fixed its fate,
To change its tone 'twill be too late ;
No farther converse can I hold—
Suffice it, that the tale is told.

Jan. 17, 1827.

THE PAINTER.

If in that warm and passionate hour,
When Reason sleeps in Fancy's bower,—
If thou hast ever, ever felt
A dream of delicate beauty melt
 Into thine heart's recess ;
Seen by the soul, and seen by the mind,
 But indistinct in its loveliness !
Adored, but not defined ;
A bright creation,—a shadowy ray,
Fading and fitting in mist away :—
 If such a vision has ever been thine,
Thou hast a heart that may look on mine.

PRAED'S "*Lillien*."



THE PAINTER.

AND, ask ye, why my cheek is pale,
And why my body is weak and frail?—
Wherefore my step is faint,—and why
The light is fading from mine eye?—
And why I love so well to sit
By this lone grave, and gaze on it?
Come, rest ye by this old oak seat,
Where the brook will wander at your feet;
And I will tell you my tale,—and why
Is darkened the page of my destiny.

I owe my birth to those beauteous shores,
Where Genius treasures her richest stores ;
Over which spreads the sunny sky,
The clear blue heaven of Italy.
I was born in that freest and fairest spot,
Where slavery's power cometh not ;—
Bright Venice ! *—thy pure skies beneath,
I drew of life my earliest breath.
I know not who my parents were :
My mother,—I remember her
But only as a fair faint dream—
An image on life's sun-lit stream,
That lent awhile a brighter ray,
But pained not as it passed away.
I do not even know her name,
Or from what country 'twas she came.

* The events of this tale are supposed to have taken place when Venice was free.

The first scene of reality
That comes upon my memory,
Is of a painter's pleasant room,
In the deep time of summer's bloom ;
With windows opening to the ground,
And fragrant blossoms gathering round ;
From which the distant waves we saw,
Bearing the dusky gondola.
Oh ! oft on summer's pleasant eves,
Within the cloud of flowers and leaves,
That canopied the porch, have I
Stood looking on the western sky,
And watched the waters as they rolled,
Tinged with a stream of liquid gold ;
And marked the parting light come down,
Gleaming along the distant town.
How oft on that rich pageantry
Of bright clouds, have I fixed my eye,

Till, tint by tint, and ray by ray,
 The fairy vision past away.
 Oh, I *was* happy! o'er my years
 Had come no shower of darkening tears;
 To fancy's powerful magic wand,
 None but bright visions would expand:
 And years slid on with sunny smiles,
 Like waves that glide by fairy isles;
 I gave to thought's bright dreamings scope
 Without a fear—all, all, was hope.

He who protected, loved me—oh,
 'Twas joy I ne'er again shall know!
 When, the first time, my youthful hand
 Tried the bright pencil to command.
 I chose its subject, and I drew
 Hope!—'neath a sky of summer blue

She stood, and marked, with lifted eyes,
 A white dove fleeing through the skies ;
 And o'er her head, in bright arch, bowed
 A rainbow, born without a cloud.
 And many praised my work, and some
 Wished me to leave my quiet home ;
 But I was happy then, and nought
 Could make me wish for change I thought.

One morn I passed our painting room
 (Alas ! that morning sealed my doom),
 There a half-finished portrait lay,
 I paused to mark it in my way.
 'Twas but a sketch ; but, oh, so sweet !
 With such young loveliness replete,
 It scarce could be an earthly thing.
 Never had bright imagining

Glowed o'er my soul with half the bliss,
The glorious beauty, that did this !
It seemed like the full light of day,
Sweeping the night stars all away ;
For every other dream was gone—
I only drew this heavenly one.

I painted her with a jessamine braid
Twining around her sunny hair ;
And a rose that cast a crimson shade,
Upon a breast as ivory fair :
With an eye, that flashed its long lashes through,
Like the evening star, half light, half dew.
With a cheek like an opening summer flower,
Ere sullied by a single shower.
With lips, like the rose-bud, when brightly the sun
Hath looked its folded leaves upon ;

Just parted, as if thence would start

Words that her hearer's soul must bless ;

And a smile o'er all, as if her heart

O'erflowed with the light of happiness.

I pictured her in a windowed niche

Of an old hall, and the setting sun

Shed all its glory, pure and rich,

On the crimson curtains and sculptured stone ;

And it tinged her hair with its mellow beam,

Till it looked like the waves of a sunny sea ;

And lent her white robe an amber gleam,

And lit her cheek with its radiancy.

I almost worshipped that angel form,

With its glorious eye and its blushes warm ;

And many there were who came to see

That lovely picture, who with me

Half joined in the fond idolatry.

But none adored it as I did —
Even my passionate warmth was chid ;
Although I told but little part
Of what was burning in my heart.

It was the time of carnival,
And pleasure smiled in every hall ;
And I, one evening, with a throng
Of merry revellers, past along,
We entered a palazzo, where
Were crowding fast the brave and fair.
I paused—oh, heaven ! what met my eye—
What was that light form flitting by ?—
The every feature of that face
That I so much had loved to trace !
The bright eye, the smooth brow beneath—
Nay, even the very jessamine wreath,

Clinging around the clustering curls ;
The rose—the string of Indian pearls—
The simple robe—the blush—the smile,
Lighting the lovely face the while,
Were there. I moved not—she passed on ;
Like a bright vision she was gone.
I turned away, and sought my home,
But all seemed dreariness and gloom.
The picture gave no joy—alas !
How it fell short of what she was !

I mixed no longer in the throng,
But I essayed again to trace
The beauties of that worshipped face ;
I felt I could not now go wrong,
For that one look, in passing by,
Had burnt it on my memory !

I strove Bianca's form to paint,—
I drew her as a female saint ;
Not as a mourning one—for sure
That heart from all sin must be pure.
But as one, in whose tender eye
Beamed goodness and benignity ;
A smile less merry, but more sweet,
A diadem thrown at her feet ;
As she, well knowing their decay,
Had cast the things of earth away.
And round her brow there shone a light,
Pure as the moon-beam, and more bright.
And those who saw both portraits, where
 I placed them, parted from the rest,
Said, though the first was wondrous fair,
 The last was sure the loveliest.

I took it to a chapel, where
 Were many paintings besides mine ;
It was approved by all, and there
 I placed it, o'er a marble shrine,
Where a soft lamp for ever burnt.
 And constantly, at vesper time,
I sought that spot alone,—I learnt
 To worship it,—sure 'twas no crime !

One evening, later than my wont,
 I lingered near my idol,—then
I rested by a marble font,
 Yet turned to gaze on it again.
A light step echoed through the pile—
A fair form glided up the isle.
Before that shrine she bent her knee,
Then raised her veil—'twas she ! 'twas she !

There, in devotion's sweet excess,
She bowed to her own loveliness.

I lost all thought, all self-command :
I flew towards her—seized her hand ;
Pressed on its snow one burning kiss,
And then, as if 'twere sacrilege
To touch a thing so fair as this—
With thoughts that like a sabre's edge,
Came cutting through my tortured heart,
I rushed away ; nor paused until,
With thoughts and feelings far apart,
I reached my home, where all was still.

It was a clear, calm moonlight night,
Not a breath moved the aspen-tree ;
The town slept silent in its light,
The flowers breathed forth their spicery.

From the far waters, I could hear
The night-song of the gondolier ;
And now and then a plashing oar,
As some boat left or gained the shore.
A calm came o'er my spirit—tears
Sprung to my eyes. In childish years,
But not since then, those eyes had wept.
It eased my bosom—and I slept.

I often mingled with the crowd—
Not that I loved their revels loud,
But that sometimes, amidst the stir
Of mirth, my blest eye lit on her.
I always placed me where I might
Behold Bianca's form of light—
Myself unseen; but very oft,
She passed so near me, that her soft

White hand I could have clasped in mine,
Even as I did before that shrine.
Once, once indeed, our glances met—
That look is in my memory yet !
I thought she blushed, but instantly
She turned away her beaming eye,
And glided from that blessed spot :
That eve again I saw her not.

Another evening came, when all
Were bidden to a festival.
I know not why, but something told
My heart, Bianca would be there.
I looked upon her pictured form,
And never had it seemed so fair.
Fate seemed to urge me on,—I went ;
Against a pillar as I leant,

With my eye on a mirror, which
Rested within a little niche,
I saw Bianca leave the crowd ;
And while her cheek with blushes glowed,
She cast on me one timid glance ;
And, as the others joined the dance,
Turned within the deep recess :
And then, as if in carelessness,
Breathed on the glass :—on its dimmed face,
Where her light finger left its trace,
I saw these words, thrice blessed, shine—
“ I love thee—I am only thine !” *
I marked the light breath-stain decay,
But with it, she had passed away.

* For this incident, I am indebted to a very interesting little Tale, entitled “ The Favourite,” published in the *Literary Magnet* for July, 1827.

I saw no more!—Those heavenly words
Had struck my bosom's inmost chords.
My heart beat high, my brain burnt wild—
On every thing that sentence smiled :
Where'er I turned, where'er I moved,
Still stood the assurance that she loved.
I tried to paint—whate'er I drew,
It stood upon the canvas too !
'Twas traced in dew on every flower
That hung around my favourite bower.
When the stars shone through the clear air,
I read it, written in fire, there :
Those words alone were on my lips—
That bliss all other could eclipse.
And when, the too bright dream to chase,
I looked upon her pictured face,
I thought I saw the sweet lips move—
I almost heard them breathe—"I love!"

We met in secret—but at last,
A cloud our bright heaven overcast ;
And I was called away from her—
My beautiful, sole worshipper !
For my Bianca loved me, but
As woman loves, whose heart is shut
To all but that idolatry—
Making but one her deity !

I was long absent,—but one day,
Again before me Venice lay ;
And, oh ! my heart with rapture beat,
I knew that I should shortly meet
My precious one! Before me was
The little chapel—could I pass ?
I entered : words of thankfulness,
Came to my lips. I strove to bless

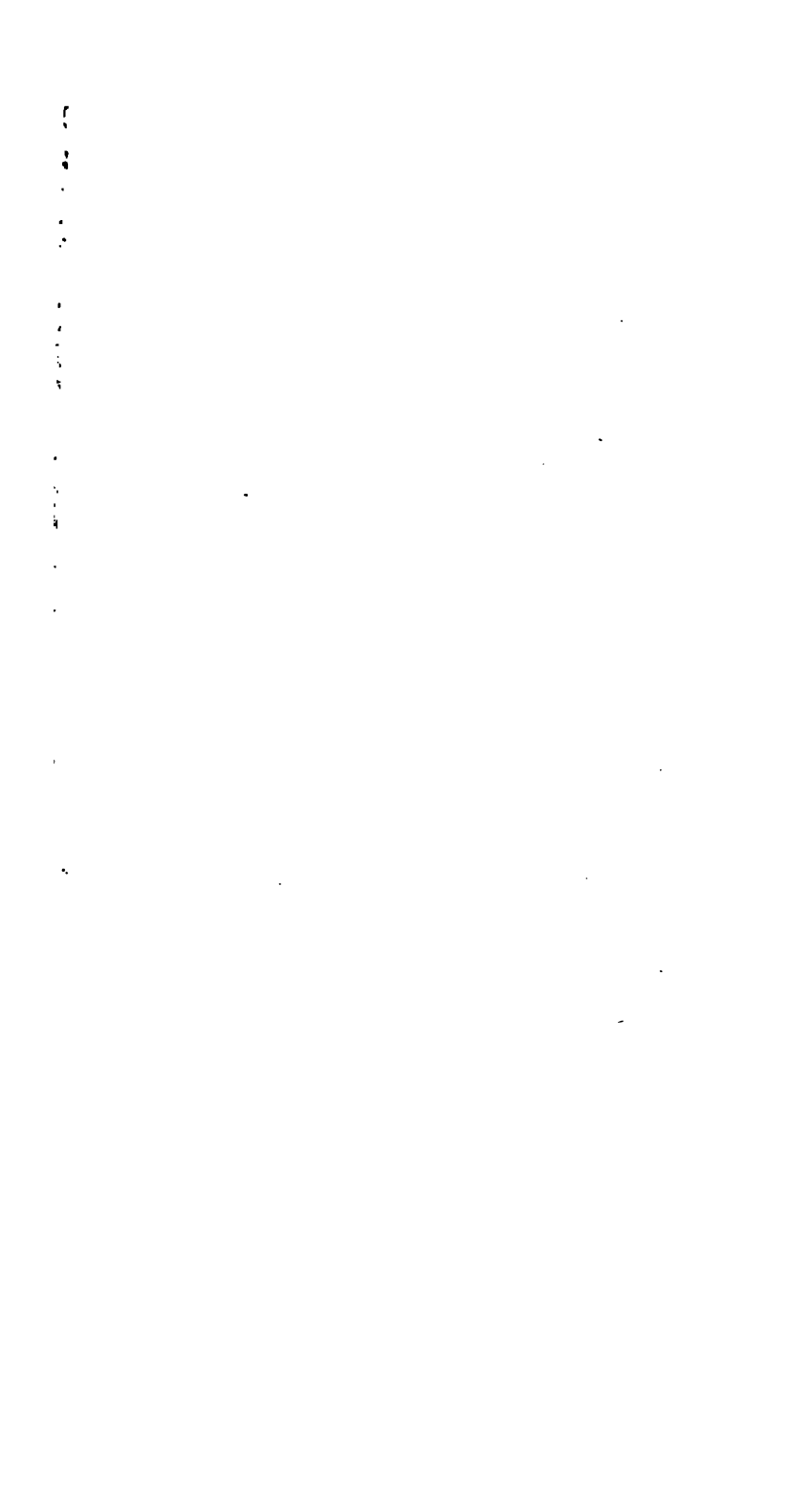
Its saint,—I could not name the name,
Bianca's dear one only came !
I turned me to the little shrine,
Where was that smiling saint of mine.
One knelt before it, fair and weak,
With a deep flush upon her cheek.
I gazed upon her,—it was she !
But, oh ! so altered ! could it be ?
You might have traced each azure vein
 That wandered o'er her sunken brow ;
You might perceive that it was pain
 That caused that bright, but burning glow.
There was a tale in that dimmed eye,
Of woman's truth and misery.
She had believed that I was dead,
And ever since young health had fled
From her — it asked no other token,
To tell her heart was almost broken.

I thought, beneath another sky,
Health might re-light again her eye.
I brought her to your colder clime,
The summer then was in its prime ;
The leaves were green, the flowers were bright,
It seemed to give her some delight.
But still she waned—the autumn came,
And she was fading on the same.
'Twas noon—the light was on that brook,
And here, within this sheltered nook,
Upon this very trunk we sate,
But all around seemed desolate.
And now and then, a withered leaf
Fell from above, as if to show
How sorrowful, how very brief,
The life of all things is below !
She laid her head upon my breast,
As if she wished to go to rest ;

I wrapt her closely in my cloak,
I thought it long ere she awoke.
At length I raised the mantle's fold
From her sweet face—'twas chill and cold ;
The last shade from her cheek had fled,
I saw my own Bianca dead !
I laid her 'neath that fresh green mound,
I planted there sweet flowers around.
Few months have past, but unto me
It seems like an eternity.
Marvel ye now I love that spot ?
No—marvel when I love it not !

He turned, and left us—every day
He sought where his Bianca lay ;

And close beside his favourite spot,
We raised for him a little cot,
And he was happier then ;—at length,
He seemed to gain a little strength.
Again his pencil's power returned,
Again his genius brightly burned ;
'Twas but a flash !—we mark'd him trace,
By slow degrees, a lovely face ;
He finished the last tender shade,
The pencil by his side he laid,
And as he placed it there he sighed—
“ This was the day Bianca died !”
He pressed unto his broken heart
This last creation of his art ;
His eye a moment brightly shone,
Then closed—the Painter's work was done,—
And ere the morning rose in pride,
We laid him by Bianca's side !



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

SONNET,

TO MISS MARY RUSSEL MITFORD.

MINSTREL of woods and fields and summer skies !

How are thy lovely tales to Nature true !

Not altering, but brightening her hue,

Thou biddest scenes of rural life arise.

How very dear to me thy page hath been !

Not with a wild delusive vision glowing,

Thou hidest reality,—yet, gently throwing

Thine own bright thoughts, like sunshine o'er the
scene,

Thou can'st command alike our woe or mirth :

Can'st bid us smile beside the cottage hearth,

Or cause the tear of sympathy to start.

Not all thy simple tales in verse may be,

But surely that is sweetest poesy

That thus can reach the soul, and touch the heart.

THE NATIVE LAND.

He who loves not his country, can love nothing.

BYRON.

THEY bore him from his barren shore,
The country of his birth !
From leafless wastes, and ice-fields' hoar,
And all most loved on earth.
They asked him but to leave his tribe,
And then he should command
Riches and wealth ;—and for that bribe
He left his native land.

They showed him sunny islands, spread
Beneath unclouded skies,
Where orange groves waved overhead,
And glanced the bright fire-flies.
They carried him to beauteous bowers,
By fragrant breezes fanned :
What cared he for their trees and flowers ?
'Twas not his native land !

On through the waters flew the bark,
And Albion's white cliffs rose,—
He would have been more glad to mark
The glare of his own snows.
And many a blithe and joyous sound,
Came from the crowded strand ;
But, coldly glanced his eye around —
'Twas not his native land !

They showed him many a princely dome,

And many a scene of mirth :

Oh ! he had happier been at home,

Beside his own loved hearth.

They led him to the busy mart ;

But while the crowd he scanned,

It brought no pleasure to his heart,—

'Twas not his native land !

Strangers were kind to him, and tried

Vainly to make him blest ;

For all their efforts he defied,

His bosom knew no rest.

He saw a mother fondly kiss

The infant in her hand,

And anguish wrung his heart, for his

Was in his native land !

There is an innate feeling clings
 Around our human clay ;
A fondness for familiar things,
 That will not wear away ;
But oft consumes the heart it keeps
 'Twined in its deathless band :
Even so was his,—and now he sleeps
 Far from his native land !

STANZAS

SUGGESTED BY READING 'DEATH'S DOINGS.'

Death laughs—go ponder o'er the skeleton,
By which men image out the unknown thing.

BYRON.

"IN every place, stern tyrant?"—"Yes.

There is none free from me.

I dwell alike in the maiden's kiss,

And the widow's agony.

"I am lord of the dark, dark grave,

The place where all must meet ;

And the young and old, the coward and brave,
Must crouch beneath my feet.

“ I come to some with a scarce felt dart,
With not an instant's pain.
I strike some deeply through the heart ;
But all must wear my chain.

“ To some most slowly I appear,
And they sit and gaze on me,
And watch each step, as I come near,
Yet have not power to flee.

“ Some, I touch in their youthful prime,
Ere age hath wrinkled their brow ;
Some, when the withered hand of time
Hath turned their locks to snow.

“ See that peasant going forth
To labour beneath the sun ;
Gaze again—he hath sunk to earth,
And all his work is done.

“ Saw’st thou not the swift-winged storm ?
Heard’st thou the thunder crash ?—
The lightning hath marred his manly form,
And I was in that flash.

“ Look at that ship, how it sails away,
And leaves its native shore ;
Look again at the set of day,
The waters have closed it o’er.

“ Its seamen lie in a breathless sleep,
Down in their watery grave ;

It was my dart that stirred the deep,
And raised the eddying wave.

“ There is no spot where of my vast power
I do not leave a trace ;
Some must obey me every hour,—
I’m lord of every place ! ”

“ Not of all—not of all !—beyond the sky
To reach thou hast no wing ;
Oh ! where is then thy victory ?
Where is thy boasted sting ?

“ There, where the blessed meet again,
Far away from strife and care ;—
There thou can’st not cast thy chain,—
Oh, Death ! thou comest not there ! ”

WOMAN'S HEART.

Alas ! that man should ever win
So sweet a shrine to shame and sin
As woman's heart.

L. E. L.

SAY, what is woman's heart?—a thing
Where all the deepest feelings spring ;
A harp, whose tender chords reply
Unto the touch, in harmony ;
A world, whose fairy scenes are fraught
With all the coloured dreams of thought ;
A bark, that still will blindly move
Upon the treacherous seas of love.

What is its love?—a ceaseless stream,
A changeless star, an endless dream ;
A smiling flower, that will not die ;
“ A beauty—and a mystery !” *
Its storms as light as April showers ;
Its joys as bright as April flowers ;
Its hopes as sweet as summer air,
And dark as winter its despair !

What are its hopes ?—rainbows, that throw
A radiant light where'er they go,
Smiling when heaven is overcast,
Yet melting into storms at last ;
Bright cheats, that come with syren words,
Beguiling it, like summer birds ;

* Byron.

That stay, while nature round them blooms,
But flee away when winter comes.

What is its hate ?—a passing frown,
A single weed 'midst blossoms sown,
That cannot flourish there for long ;
A harsh note in an angel's song ;
A summer cloud, that all the while
Is lightened by a sunbeam's smile ;
A passion, that scarce hath a part,
Amidst the gems of woman's heart.

And what is its despair ?—a deep
Fever, that leaves no tears to weep ;
A woe, that works with silent power,
As canker worms destroy a flower ;

A viper, that shows not it wakes
Until the heart it preys on breaks ;
A mist, that robs a star of light,
And wraps it up in darkest night.

Then what is woman's heart ?—a thing
Where all the deeper feelings spring ;
A harp, whose tender chords reply
Unto the touch, in harmony ;
A world, whose fairy scenes are fraught
With all the coloured dreams of thought ;
A bark, that still would blindly move
Upon the treacherous seas of love.

BALLAD.

Look out, look out, my maidens fair !

Look from my turret high,

And see if through the dark trees there,

His bright arms ye can spy.

I've watched since morn with throbbing breast—

Long since we should have met ;

But though the sun is in the west,

My lover comes not yet.

I've strained my longing eyes, to catch

His glittering panoply ;

But now I shall forbear the watch,

And trust it unto ye.

Look ! I have made myself a task,

To wreath these snowy blooms ;

And what ye see I will not ask,

Until ye say —“ He comes !”

'Tis vain ! — I cannot braid the flowers—

What can his absence mean ?

How very slow have passed the hours ;

How long this day hath been !

Nay, I must even look again,

And break mine own decrees.

Was that a plume that wavered then,

Amidst the tall elm trees ?

Alas, alas ! he doth not come !

'Twas but a snow-white dove,
Fleeing at twilight to its home,
Within the darkening grove.

And thus, since morning, has my heart
Throbb'd with false hopes — so sweet,
So like the truth, the tear will start
To find they only cheat.

Look out again ! what : see ye naught ?

'Twas sure his step that moved ;
More quickness would your eyes be taught,
If ye had ever loved.

Away ! away ! my idle fears,
With all a lover's speed
He comes, to kiss away my tears,—
'Tis he—'tis he, indeed !

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

WILD breathings of the Emerald Isle !

Your sounds are very dear to me ;

Full many a sad hour ye beguile,

With your enchanting melody.

Whence do ye come, sweet orphan strains ?

Who knows to whom ye owe your birth ? —

Oh ! scarce a record now remains,
To tell us ye are things of earth.

Was it some spirit wandering o'er
This world, with music from the spheres,
Alighted on your lovely shore,
And breathed ye first to mortal ears ?

Blest be his name who rescued ye,
And caught your lingering, dying tone ;
And mingled your wild melody
With sweet creations of his own.

While years and time pursue their march,
That name shall live without decay ;
As brilliant as the rainbow's arch,
But not like that to fade away.

'Twas he who made ye doubly sweet,

Who gave ye your immortal fame ;

And while ye live, ye shall repeat,

And breathe in every tone, his name.

TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

THERE is a dream — a waking dream,
That comes o'er me with magic power ;
And makes all present objects seem
As hidden as at midnight's hour :
And there is many a lovely thing,
That such a sweet day-dream can bring,—
Fair flowers, bright birds, and sunny skies,
And echo's softened, low replies ;
Sweet music, that relinks some chain
Of thought, I hoped not to regain ;

Dear memories and fond regret
Of once loved hearts, remembered yet :
These hide the world, or make it seem
More lovely in a waking dream ;
But that which most can work on me,
Is the sweet spell of poetry.
And, sweetest bard ! thy graceful numbers
Have called such visions to my sight ;
Such fairy scenes as haunt our slumbers,
' Yet sink away before the light :
Bright, heavenly imaginings,
Of rainbow hues and glorious things ;
Smiles, that dissolve in feeling's stream,
And tears that smile themselves away ;
And pleasures, bright as morning's beam ;
And fancies, that like lightnings play
Around the summer heaven of thought ;
And gorgeous visions, that have caught

Their glowing tints from thine own soul,
Whose brightness lightens up the whole.

The sun shines brightly o'er the sea,
And sheds on it, its heavenly flame ;
The waves may change eternally,
The sun that lights them is the same ;—
And so will last thy magic page,
And so thy glorious name will be ;
Still lighting each succeeding age,
Still shining on, immortally !

MEMORY.

Rather than have one bliss forgot,
Be all my pains remembered too!

MOORE.

AND would'st thou advise me to mix with the crowd,
And strive to efface the remembrance of years;
When, though mists of misfortune too often might
shroud,

One smile hath repaid me for hours of tears? —
And say'st thou, that memory only can feed
The fever that preys on the desolate heart?
Oh! thou know'st not, unless thou hast felt it indeed.
What balm the remembrance of joy can impart.

There are things that are past, that I would not forget,
For the brightest of pleasures that earth now can
give ;

Their bliss had a mixture of sorrow, and yet

Like stars in the night of my bosom they live.
As on scenes we have past, when by distance made
soft,

We gaze the more fondly the farther we go ;
So, when years of our prime are gone over, how oft
We turn with delight to past pleasure and woe.

I once felt affections, most gentle and fond,

That shone o'er my soul, like the stars o'er the
seas ;

And think'st thou my spirit can ever despond,

While memory revives such sweet feelings as these ?

Oh ! how many a smile and affectionate word

Remain through long years on the woe-blighted
mind,

When joy hath shot over its wastes—like a bird,

That hath left a bright gift from its plumage behind !

And what if the vision of happiness flies

From the heart that had cherished it fondly before?

Its flowers may be withered, but memory supplies

Their colour, and fragrance, and beauty, once more.

Oh ! may my remembrances never depart !

May I still feel a bliss in beholding the past !

While Memory over the gems of the heart

Shall, sentinel-like, keep her watch to the last.

FLOWERS.

Flowers! the fairy-peopled world of flowers!

Mrs. HEMANS.

FLOWERS, lovely flowers! ye are to me

Most dear and precious things;

Nature's soft pencil over ye

Its brightest colouring flings.

Ye seem to me, though blooming her

Bright beings of another sphere.—

A fairy band ! apart, alone,
A bright and beauteous race !
Blooming wherever ye are sown,
And sown in every place :
Filling the air with fragrancy,
Wherever ye may smiling be.

Brightening alike the cultured scene,
And the untrodden rock ;
Blooming the lava's paths between,
Braving the thunder-shock ;
Glowing, unseared, beneath the sun,
Unchilled within the forest lone.

On come the driving rain and wind,
Man safety seeks at home ;

But where shall ye a refuge find ?

Why,—let the tempest come !

While sullen clouds the sky deform,

Ye smile, like rainbows, through the storm.

Night darkens round—the wild bird's wings

Are closed upon its nest ;

But ye, most fair and fragrant things !

Flee not away to rest.

Ye see the glorious night-star rise,

And watch it leave the morning skies.

The honey-bees that settled on,

Yet scarcely bent your stems ;

The butterflies that o'er ye shone,

Like living, moving gems ;

Have left ye—while shall fall on you
Fresh treasures of the evening dew.

Oh ! ye are like to those few breasts
That heavenly Genius fires :
Where'er its glorious spirit rests—
Where'er its light inspires—
It will be known, its flowers will spring,
Nor heed to what rude spot they cling.

And long, long vigils they will keep,
Night's silent, dark hours through,
While other eyes are closed in sleep ;
Gathering their honey-dew
From where the poet and the sage
Have left it, on the deathless page.

But ye will die, sweet flowers ! and so
Must they sink to the earth ;
The spring again will see ye blow,
With even a brighter birth.
Oh ! shall not they, from this world driven,
Bloom on eternally in heaven ?

THEY ARE NOT THERE!

THEY are not there! where once their feet
Light answer to the music beat ;
Where their young voices sweetly breathed,
And fragrant flowers they lightly wreathed.
Still flows the nightingale's sweet song ;
Still trail the vine's green shoots along ;
Still are the sunny blossoms fair ;—
But they who loved them are not there !

They are not there ! by the lone fount,
That once they loved at eve to haunt ;
Where, when the day-star brightly set,
Beside the silver waves, they met.
Still lightly glides the quiet stream ;
Still o'er it falls the soft moon-beam ;—
But they who used their bliss to share
With loved hearts by it, are not there !

They are not there ! by the dear hearth,
That once beheld their harmless mirth ;
Where, through their joy came no vain fear,
And o'er their smiles no darkening tear.
It burns not now a beacon star,
'Tis cold and fireless, as they are :
Where is the glow it used to wear ?
'Tis felt no more,—they are not there !

Where are they, then ?—oh ! past away,
Like blossoms, withered in a day !
Or, as the waves go swiftly by,
Or, as the lightnings leave the sky.
But still there is a land of rest :
Still hath it room for many a guest ;
Still is it free from strife and care,
And 'tis our hope that they are there !

TO JAMES MONTGOMERY, Esq.

**SWEET, sacred strains are thine ! such holy lays,
As rise when angels swell the song of praise.
Such lovely sounds are not of mortal birth,
But heavenly voices echoing upon earth.
Others may tell of human faith and love ;
But thou of that far holier flame above.
Oh ! what were, though the brightest hues 'twere
given,
The flower, unless its fragrance rose to heaven.**

As, when within the ancient Capitol,
The lightning's sacred flame was seen to fall ;
And wheresoe'er it left its burning trace,
Still, still was held a holy, hallowed place :
So, o'er the chords of thine immortal lyre,
Hath fallen from heaven, a better, purer fire ;
And all with reverence still will think on thee,
Thus blest, thus sanctified eternally !

MY HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home ;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere !

Opera of "Clari."

AGAIN, again, my heart awake !

And I will touch thy trembling strings,
And a sweet subject we will take,

One that a thousand feelings brings :—
The haven of my wanderings,

The beacon o'er the ocean's foam,
The spot where each affection clings,
The place of happiest love—my home !

In those few words of bliss and love,

‘ My own dear home ! ’ there is a spell

In which the deepest feelings move,

In which the best affections dwell ;

Not Paradise, ere man first fell,

Had more of bliss and less of gloom.

Oh ! my best lays were faint, to tell

The happiness, the joy of home !

There may I wake at will my harp,

And to my untaught song give birth,

Unheeding how the critics carp,

Careless what strains I may draw forth.

They please the loved ones of my hearth ;

Warm from the heart their plaudits come ;

And ’tis the sweetest praise on earth,

Received from those who share my home !

Each flower, each leaf, is dear to me ;

There is a soft, though hidden link,
That binds me to each well-known tree—
A something sweet, on which to think.

I wander by the river's brink,—

I see its bubbles rise and foam,
Sparkle awhile, then quickly sink,
And think, how different is my home !

I would not change my quiet life,

Though others may more gay appear ;
I would not mingle in the strife,
For rainbow pleasures, never near.

The fickle smile, the hollow tear,
To my retreat can never come ;
All, all is tranquil and sincere
In the blest precincts of my home !

There are fond looks, and precious hearts,

To light and bless my humble cot ;

My pleasures do not come by starts,

They shine through all my happy lot.

My home ! my home ! I leave thee not,

Unless some angel spirit come, .

And to his heaven prefer this spot—

Then for the world I'll quit my home !

Yet though, perchance, I may awhile

Leave my dear home, my pleasant bower;

When I return, full many a smile

Shall pay me for the parting hour.

Though, like the bee, from flower to flower,

A little time I chance to roam,

Like him I will return, to shower

Sweets on the sweet I leave at home !

My precious home ! from thy bright hearth,

Oh ! may I never once be driven !

Still may the forms most loved on earth

Circle around that spot at even !

And if from me they should be riven,

Not long will last my lonely doom ;

Then may I find, with them, in heaven,

A glorious and eternal home !

THE DISCOVERY SHIP.

The tall vessel walks her destined way,
And rocks and glitters in the curling spray.
Among the shrouds, all happiness and hope,
The busy seaman coils the rattling rope,
And tells his jest, and carols out his song,
And laughs his laughter, vehement and long.

PRAED.

It hath gone forth o'er the glittering sea,
Beneath the morning light,
And we can yet see it distantly
Through the gathering mists of night.

It is lessening fast on the eager glance

Cast o'er the watery plain,

And the thought comes over the heart—"Perchance,

We may never see it again !"

Yet while we gaze on the ocean dark,

As it fades away from our view,

The spirit of Hope is upon that bark,

And over her dreadless crew.

Even in leaving the land of his birth

The hardy seaman smiles,

For over the waves they are going forth

To seek for nameless isles.

And Hope hath pictured lovely lands,

Clothed with eternal flowers ;

And sun-kissed fruits, and shining sands,
And smiling vintage bowers.

And they have given to fancy scope,
And pictured a world most fair ;
And they go forth in the strength of Hope,
To find a dwelling there.

Sail on ! sail on ! lone ship, depart !
Thou hast been a lesson for me ;—
Oh ! may not the Christian's heart
Full well be likened to thee ?

So, through the power of Hope and Faith,
Far from him fear is driven, —
He swiftly glides o'er the sea of death,
Trusting alone in heaven !

THE LAND OF LOVE.

Oh, Love ! no habitant of earth thou art !

BYRON.

AND dost thou ask where Love is found
Unchangeable and pure,
And free from Passion's rankling wound,
From human ills secure ? —
If there's a land where Love's sweet lot
For ever smiles and changeth not ?

Oh ! do not ask ; but look and see

 If thou can'st find a place,

Where Love lives on in purity,

 Without a darkening trace

Of selfish feeling on its name,

Of sorrow's mists, to dim its flame.

Turn, turn thee to the southern lands :

 Say, hast thou found it there ?

Boast they Love's smiling rosy bands,

 Without a thorn of care ?

No !— Passion's steps have o'er them been,

To mar the beauty of the scene.

As flow the lava's burning waves—

 As bursts the earthquake's shock,—

So come the passions o'er their slaves,
 E'en like their own siroc,
 Blasting each flower its breath goes o'er,
 Breathing destruction to the core.

And search through the luxurious East,—
 Hast thou yet found the gem?
 Smiles it amidst yon costly feast?
 Decks it that diadem?
 No!—here the tyrant man looks down
 On woman, who should share his throne.

Gaze on the regions of the north;
 And in that chilly clime,
 Mark if the seraph shineth forth
 Untinged by woe or crime,—

Ah ! here, too, sorrow often flings
Her gloomy fetters o'er his wings.

Not even in our own sweet isles
Can we the spirit claim ;
Sometimes o'er us he gently smiles,
With pure and holy flame :
'Tis but the glory of his eye,
That looks on us in passing by.

Pure Love is not of mortal birth,
Nor oft to mortals given ;
Sometimes it waves its wings o'er earth,
But, oh ! its home is heaven !
There,—human cares and crimes above—
There is the land of deathless Love !

THE SKY.

The sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
Is looked up to the more because heaven is there.

MOORE.

FAIR sky! what hast thou in the time of spring?
Birds, borne along on the joyous wing;
Feathery clouds and fleeting showers;
Odours, breathed up from the fresh-blown flowers;
Echoes of voices and song on earth,
Of the child's light laugh, and the peasant's mirth;
Blue gleams, bright from the sun-rays' kiss,
And trembling as if from excess of bliss.

And what is thine in the summer's eve,
 When the full bright sun hath taken his leave ?
 Clouds, that are rich as young Hope's dreams,—
 Rainbow colouring, and amber beams ;
 Flushes of crimson glory, growing
 Like a maiden's blush, ~~more~~ intensely glowing
 Beneath the ardent gazer's view ;
 Purple twilight, and fragrant dew.

What hast thou in the depth of night ?
 Grandeur and beauty, and calm moonlight ;
 Stars, bright stars, on their thrones on high,
 Making their voiceless melody.
 Prayers, sent up from the sleepless bed ;
 Sounds of the weary sentinel's tread ;
 Murmurs of forests, by light winds stirred,
 And sweet, sweet music, from night's own bird.

What is below thee?—a land of sin,
Where sorrow and death have entered in ;
Where tears have darkened the brightest eyes,
And the rosiest lip breathes forth sad sighs ;
Where the sunny curls blanch with the hand of time,
And the purest spirits are tinged with crime ;
Where the flowers, and the trees, and the birds must die,
And all things tell of mortality.

What is beyond thee?—a world, where the power
Of time cannot wither a single flower ;
Where the earthly stains of our human clay,
In the streams of mercy are washed away ;
Where there comes not a shade o'er the tranquil brow ;
Where the voice never sounds in one tone of woe.
Fair sky ! we forget half our sorrow and care,
When we gaze upon thee, and think—heaven is there !

MY REST IS IN THE GRAVE.

No more—no more, oh ! never more on me
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,
Which, out of all the lovely things we see,
Extracts emotions,—beautiful and new.

BYRON.

AND ask'st thou how thou may'st beguile
My hours of silent suffering,
And if there's aught can make me smile,
Or to my bosom quiet bring ?
Mine is a soul thou can'st not bless—
A broken heart thou can'st not save ;
Feelings of utter bitterness,—
My rest is in the grave !

I could smile once as bright as thou ;
There was not then a tinge of care
Upon my eye, or cheek, or brow,
No! — not one trace of sorrow there :
But o'er those smiles there came a cloud,—
A tempest, that I could not brave ;
Vainly for peace I sought the crowd —
My rest is in the grave !

And I have loved — oh, loved too well !
But she is gone who was so dear ;
Long since I heard her passing bell,—
'Twas the last time I shed a tear.
And she is sleeping calmly, where
Dark human ills no more enslave ;
And I will lie beside her there—
My rest is in the grave !

But I must seek the haunts of mirth,

The gay, that pleased me so at first ;

See them pursue the joys of earth,

And see those joys, like bubbles, burst !

Then turn again to solitude—

The tempest's roar—the ocean cave—

The rock—the mountain—and the flood,

Then—rest me in my grave !

IONE.

Ah ! Love and Hope should ever go together.

L. E. L.

SEE'ST thou that portrait ? — is it not a face
Of perfect manly beauty ? — the rich hair
Clustering its raven curls above the brow ;
And those dark eyes, that almost seem to live,
So well is their expressive beauty painted ;
And then the diamonds that encircle it,
Gems that might well become an Indian queen :
Is it not such an ornament as might

Be coveted by some proud maid, to wear
Upon her swan-like neck ?—but there was one
Who wore that portrait, and adored its beauty,
Until those diamonds seemed to steal the lustre
That shone in her black eyes, and her soft cheek
Lost all its native roses, and assumed
The hectic tinge that tells of slow decay.

She was a lovely creature !— such a one
As poets love to dream of, painters paint.
Eyes of that tender darkness, whose soft beauty
Steals most upon the soul ; dark waving hair,
That clustered o'er a brow like ivory ; cheeks,
Where deep roses struggled with the lilies,
In sweet contention ; and soft lips, that smiled,
Like rose-buds kissed to life by the warm sun ;
A step, so light and buoyant, yet so firm ;

Oh ! she was one that seemed but made to reign,
And *did* reign o'er the hearts of all around her.

But she was fond of solitude and shades :
Not of that solitude that loves to sit
By murmuring rills, and watch o'er opening flowers ;
She loved to wander far away from home,
To gaze on crag and horrid precipice ;
To see the headlong torrent rush and foam,
And whirl and boil beneath her, and to stand,
Untrembling, on the rock's most dizzy height.
And she delighted, when at eve the sun
Seemed to drop down amongst the western hills,
To gaze upon the evening sky, till tears
Of rapture sparkled in her soft dark eyes,
And then return again to her lone chamber,
And sit and feast upon the sweet creations

Her fancy bodied forth : she seemed to live
 In regions of her own imagining.
 Such was Ione !—beautiful—romantic—
 Too much a creature of another world
 For love in this :—through every one adored,
 No one dared love her !—'twas the adoration
 A devotee feels for his patron saint,
 Or a poor subject for a lovely queen :
 Oh ! had she always been untouched by passion,
 Though of the purest, most unspotted kind,
 She still had lived to bless the hearts around her.

One who had known Ione when a babe,
 Died in a distant country, and bequeathed
 Her little store of jewels to the maiden ;
 Amongst the rest, there was that very portrait !
 Ione stopped, and gazed on it enchanted.

She oft had heard of its original,
 And thoughts of him had mingled with the dreams
 Of fancy's wild creations. All at once
 It seemed as if those dreams had sprung to life,
 Waked by the magic influence of the picture.
 He whom it represented long was gone ;
 But still his memory lived in many hearts
 That once had loved him. To adore, became
 The end of the adored Ione's life.
 She almost seemed to worship that fair painting ;
 She only lived in gazing on its beauty !

She loved no more the wild, uncultured scene :
 It was a different solitude she sought,—
 To steal away, and watch the quiet moon
 Sail through the heavens ; and see the snowy cloud
 Veil it an instant, and pass off again.

This could not last for long :—a fatal change
Passed o'er her form ; her dark eye lost its softness,
And wildly sparkled ; and her fading cheek
Kindled, from that false buoyancy of spirit
That must consume itself, through its own power.

One evening, sooner than her wont, she sought
Her solitary chamber. There she sate
Beside the open window, where the roses,
Linked with the jessamine and woodbine, twined
Around the casement. The night breezes came
Freshly and sweetly through the leafy blinds,
And kissed her burning cheek and faded lip,
Until, at length, they fanned her into slumber.
She slept ; but not for long,—the evening wind
Shook from the boughs that crept within the casement
A shower of rose-leaves ; on her ivory neck

They fell, and waked her from her slumber ; then
She raised her head, and saw that portrait lie
Beside her,—pressed it to her fevered lips,
And slept again.

“ Next morning she was dead !”

The sunlight, streaming through the trembling leaves,
Fell on her neck in quivering light and shadow.
Her face was pillowed on her fair white arms,
That rested on the window-sill. Her hair,
Stirred by the morning breeze, was all that moved.
They called her by her name ;—she answered not !
They raised her head ;—and then they saw her face
Was deadly pale and chill !—her marble lips
Were pressed against the portrait—she had died
Embracing it !

THE HAPPIEST TIME.

To be resigned, when ills betide,
Patient, when favours are denied,
And pleased with favours given ;
Most surely this is Wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance breathes to heaven.

COTTON.

WHEN are we happiest ? — when the light of morn
Wakes the young roses from their crimson rest ;
When cheerful sounds, upon the fresh winds borne,
Tell man resumes his work with blither zest ;
While the bright waters leap from rock to glen —
Are we the happiest then ?

Alas, those roses!—they will fade away,

And thunder-tempests will deform the sky;

And summer heats bid the spring buds decay,

And the clear sparkling fountain may be dry;

And nothing beauteous may adorn the scene,

To tell what it hath been!

When are we happiest?—in the crowded hall,

When fortune smiles, and flatterers bend the knee?

How soon,—how very soon, such pleasures pall!

How fast must falsehood's rainbow colouring flee;

Its poison flow'rets brave the sting of care:

We are not happy there!

Are we the happiest, when the evening hearth
Is circled with its crown of living flowers ?
When goeth round the laugh of harmless mirth,
And when affection, from her bright urn showers
Her richest balm on the dilating heart ?
Bliss ! is it there thou art ?

Oh, no !—not there ; it would be happiness
Almost like heaven's, if it might always be,
Those brows without one shading of distress,
And wanting nothing but eternity ;
But they are things of earth, and pass away,—
They must, they must decay !

Those voices must grow tremulous with years,
Those smiling brows must wear a tinge of gloom ;
Those sparkling eyes be quenched in bitter tears,
And at the last, close darkly in the tomb.
If happiness depend on them alone,
How quickly is it gone !

When are we happiest, then ?—oh ! when resigned
To whatsoe'er our cup of life may brim ;
When we can know ourselves but weak and blind,
Creatures of earth ! and trust alone in Him
Who giveth, in his mercy, joy or pain :
Oh ! we are happiest then !

THE CROSS BY THE WAY-SIDE.

Wheresoe'er the shrieking victim hath
Poured forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife,
Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath.

BYRON.

It is a simple monument !

Around it the sweet wild flowers blow,
With the rank grass' tall blades blent,
And over it the lichens grow,
Mixed with the slow consuming moss ;
Above, the chesnut branches wave.
What marks that low and mouldering cross ?
The place of death—the traveller's grave !

There, there ! beneath the cloudless skies,
And shaded by the forest bough,
The weary wanderer silent lies ;
Nothing can break his slumber now !
Beside that wild, romantic spot
He paused awhile,—then rose to trace
Scenes yet unknown :—oh ! he thought not
'Twould be his last long resting-place !

He hoped to see the morning rise
Upon a brighter, grander view—
The day-star journeyed through the skies,
The evening wept her tears of dew ;
The summer past, the autumn fell,
The rustling leaves around were strewn ;
Yet in that calm sequestered dell
The stranger rested still alone !

The bright and fragrant flowers expand,
E'en where his last life-blood was spilt ;
And there the peasant's trembling hand,
The frail and falling cross hath built ;—
Oh ! do not deem the spot unblest !
It cannot be, while there is given
That symbol of eternal rest,—
That sign of hope, and peace, and heaven !

CANZONET.

THE evening star is o'er me,
The roses around are sweet ;
And the bower is bright before me,
Where once we used to meet.
But the light of the star hath faltered,
The bower no more is fair ;
Oh! why is the scene so altered ? —
Thou art not there !

The star, that my dark way lightened,

My flower of fragrancy ;

The rainbow, that life's clouds brightened,

Thou wert my love unto me.

Oh ! let me again adore thee,

Once more will that bower be fair ;

And when evening's star is o'er thee,

Oh, be thou there !

MUSIC.

Still, where'er I move, as from the earth,
Or floating in the calm embosoming air,
Sweet sounds of music seem to follow me.

MILMAN.

'Tis not in the harp's soft melting tone,
That music and harmony dwell alone ;
'Tis not in the voice so tender and clear,
That comes like an angel's strain on the ear.
They both are sweet, but o'er dale and hill,
For me there's as beautiful music still.

I hear it in every murmuring breath,
That waves the bells of the purple heath ;
In the watch-dog's bark,—in the shepherd's song ;
In the rustic's laugh, as it echoes along ;
In the whirring sound of the wild bird's wing ;—
There's music !—there's music, in every thing !

There's music in the first love-sigh
That answers the glance of the melting eye,
And wafts it home to the lover's heart,
And bids his idle fears depart !
And raises the trembling blush in the cheek ;
And says,—far more than words can speak !

There's music, too, in the evening breeze,
When it sweeps the blossoms from the trees,

And wafts them into the moonlit heaven,
Like fairy barks from their anchors driven ;
And they, through the clear and cloudless night,
Float in a waveless sea of light !

There's music, too, when the winds are high,
And the clouds are sailing through the sky ;
When ocean foams and lashes the shore,
And the lightnings flash, and the thunders roar ;—
Then ! then ! in the tempest's jubilee,
There's music, and grandeur, and beauty for me !

There's music, sweet music ! where insects play,
When they burst into life and the light of day ;
And shake such sounds from their shining wings,
As the wind makes in murmuring over harp-strings ;

In the song of the birds—in the rippling streams,—
Oh ! these are such sounds as we hear in our dreams.

There's a music unheard, that is only felt
In the bosom where passionate feelings have dwelt;
Where the purest and warmest of thoughts have blent,
To tune the heart like an instrument ;
From whose chords, as time hath o'er them flown,
His wing hath but wakened a tenderer tone.

There's music most blest in the house of prayer ;
Oh ! the sweetest and loveliest of music is there !
While innocent voices together blend,
And their mingled tones above ascend,—
There is the holiest music—given
From the heart's warm altar up to heaven !

THE SUN.

Most glorious orb ! thou wert a worship, ere
The mystery of thy making was revealed !

BYRON.

THE warm spring sun !—through parted clouds

It looks upon the awakening earth ;

Spreads on the trees their leafy shrouds,

And brings the host of blossoms forth :

Calls out the young birds' fairy mirth,

Gilds the warm tears of passing showers,

And bids us quit the feverish hearth,

To look on troops of opening flowers !

The summer sun ! how sweet it is,

When the last fragile spring-wreath fades,
To mark how, 'neath his glowing kiss,

Flowers bloom, of e'en more glowing shades !
Then will we seek the forest glades,
And lie beneath their leafy dome,
Until the twilight gloom pervades,
And the young moon's lamp lights us home.

The summer sun ! at even-tide,

After a day of tempest stir,
While the dark storm is scattered wide,
What golden smiles does he confer !
How rides he like a conqueror,
Amidst his legions of bright clouds ;
While, like a peaceful messenger,
The evening star breaks through their crowds !

The autumn sun ! how rich and bright

It falls upon the sere beach tree ;

Tinges the grape with gem-like light,

And wakes the sound of revelry ;

Laughs down upon the reapers' glee,

And ripens all the golden sheaves,

As if one feast of earth must be,

Ere o'er past days the cold wind grieves !

The winter sun ! how short its stay,

What feeble light its beamings fling :

Yet, know we when it sinks away,

It rises on a land of spring !

Oh ! so to happier climes shall wing

Spirits, when life's short task is done ;

And thus, a lesson thou can'st bring

Unto our hearts, thou wintry sun !

LADY EDITH.

“ AROUSE thee, Lady Edith !

For the hunters are below ;

And thy sire thy presence needeth,

To complete the stately show.

The huntsman’s horn is sounding,

And the hounds are by the gates ;

And there, in richest trappings decked,

Thine own white palfrey waits.”

“ Then they must ride without me,
For I cannot go to-day ;
There’s a langour hangs about me,
That I cannot chase away.
I am tired with last night’s revel,
And I know my cheek is pale ;
And I cannot face that company,
Nor bear the searching gale.”

“ Now tarry not, fair Edith !
On such an idle plea ;
Or, when the quarry bleedeth,
Thou’lt not be there to see !
Come, don thy riding kirtle,
Thou never yet wast weak ;
And the morning wind will kiss awake
The roses of thy cheek.”

“ Nay but them wait no longer.

But enter their dark bounds on ;

For though my limbs were stronger,

Yet my spirit's strength is gone :

For I fear my white steed's daring.

And I fear the stag at bay :

And the fierceness of the yelling hounds,—

I dare not go to-day !”

“ Now shame upon thee, Edith,

For thy falsehood and deceit ;

In vain thy dark eye pleadeth,

For I'll punish thee, fair cheat !

Oh ! see I not thy glances,

Cast o'er the castle wall ?

And see I not that gallant youth,

Who rides the first of all ?

“ In vain—in vain! fair Edith !

Thou wrapp’st thee in thy veil ;

Mine eye in that act readeth,

That thy cheek no more is pale.

And thou can’st not hide from me

The cause that thus can move ;

It is not weariness, or fear,—

No, Edith,—it is Love !”

THE FATE OF GENIUS.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

Bodings, full of fear, will throng,
Unbidden, on my feverish brain ;
And thoughts of sickness, blight and wrong,
Come back upon my heart again.

A. A. WATTS.

THINK'ST thou, then, Genius often hath
The guerdon it deserveth ?
Think'st thou that from the happy path
Of joy it seldom swerveth ?
Alas, alas ! thou knowest not
How little blessed is its lot !

Thou hast but seen the brightest side,

The sunshine and the flowers ;

Thou can'st not tell what weeds may hide,

Beneath its summer bowers ;

What thorns are mingled with its wreaths,

What poison in their fragrance breathes.

Thou hast but looked on it, when fair

And cloudless was its heaven ;

When not a gathering mist of care

Before its face was driven.

Thou hast not seen it, when its sky

Was robbed of its serenity.

Thou hast not seen it silent sit,

While fancy wildly rangeth ;

The brow now lighted up—now knit,

As the wild vision changeth.

Thou know'st not when is past its glow,

The exhausted soul sinks doubly low !

Its fate ! oh, did'st thou know its fate,

Thou'dst wish not to possess it ;

Thou little know'st how envious hate

And cold caprice oppress it :

How slow fame lends her sunny ray,

And, oh ! how fast it fades away !

Its heart ! a wilderness of woe,

Of powers and feelings wasted :

How sweetly hope's spring flow'rets blow,

To be how rudely blasted !

Oh ! thou would'st never wish it thine ;
And rather weep that it is mine.

Perhaps, it may be mine to weep,
That ever one young blossom
Sprung from its refuge, dark and deep,
Its dwelling in my bosom ;
To mourn I e'er let one depart
From its deep birth-place in my heart.

It may be mine to share the fate
Of many a one departed :
What is that fate !—most desolate
To be, and broken-hearted ;
A wreck upon the world's cold wave,—
The tenant of an early grave !

THE HOME OF DREAMS.

The forms that come on the twilight's wing,
Shaped by the soul's imagining.

PRAED.

WHENCE do ye come, ye fairy dreams !
That flash on our sleep with your broken gleams ?
Fair mockeries of reality !
Tell me, where may your dwelling be ?
Whether in brightness, or darkness, ye come ?
Where, fickle wanderers ! where is your home ?

Do you lie in the time of the sun-lit hours,
Hidden in the blossoms of fragrant flowers ;
While the rich tint of your light wings vies
With the hue of your painted canopies ?
Do you rest all day in sweet tents like these,
Till called to your work by the evening breeze ?

Or, are the waters your places of rest,—
Float ye along on the rivulet's breast ?
Or, are your darker shadows fraught
With sadness and strife, from the ocean-storm caught ?
Or, are they your mystical voices that come
From the fount—are the waters indeed your home ?

Or, do you love, sweet dreams! to shroud
Yourselves in the fleecy folds of a cloud?
And borne in that pilotless bark on high,
To sail all day in the soft blue sky,
Catching sweet sounds and glimpses of light,
And hoarding them up for your tasks at night?

Or are ye things of another sphere,
Allowed, while we slumber, to wander here?
Spirits, that flit by the bed of rest,
To whisper peace to the troubled breast?
Perhaps,— though, in mercy, to mortals given,—
Perhaps, fair visions! your home is heaven.

“ Nay ; — for if we were heavenly things,
We should bear no gloom on our glorious wings.
'Tis ours, when the tearful eyes are closed,
And the weary senses to sleep composed,
To lead the soul, in the silence of night,
Back to the scenes of its past delight !

“ We are but the memories of vanished years,
The thoughts of long past smiles and tears ;
Or else thy hopes, that form for thee
Vision of what is yet to be.
From thine own soul springs our brightness or gloom,
In thine own heart thou wilt find our home !”

THE BREEZE IN THE DESERT.

THERE came a soft, low sound,
A gentle breathing, like a distant lute,
And a light air a moment sighed around,
And then again was mute !

'TWAS laden with the breath
Of Araby's light groves and sunny flowers ;
It bore the scent of many a jasmine wreath,
And of fair summer bowers.

And o'er the desert vast
Went the light murmurs of the cooling wind,
And fanned the burning sands ; and, as it passed,
Left hope and health behind !

And to the lonely band
Of wearied travellers, who wandered there,
What tidings of another, fresher land,
Bore that sweet air !

Oh ! on its lightsome wing
Came the loved memory of many a spot—
The bright green pasture, and the bubbling spring,
And the flower-mantled cot !

Tales of their pleasant home,
And those most dear, were whispered by the breeze ;
And in its gentle murmurs seemed to come
Greetings of love from these.

They felt the sweet wind blow,
And every breast was bared to take its part,
As if they wished its blessed breath to go
Into the very heart !

And even so, when we
Are wandering through life's barren wilderness,
When not a spot of verdure we can see,
Or aught our way to bless ;—

Come promises of love
 And mercy, to our fainting spirits given,
 Reminding us of brighter worlds above—
 Breathing of hope and Heaven !

THE DYING MINSTREL.

A SKETCH.

It is most sad to watch the fall
Of autumn leaves ! but worst of all,
It is to watch the flower of spring
Faded in its fresh blossoming !

L. E. L.

SLOWLY and sadly, day by day,
As a fountain drieth, she faded away.
Seldomer walked she the oak-trees among,
Less and less frequent became her song ;
She would sit for hours, with her silent gaze
Fixed on the harp, that had brought such praise
And fame to her, in her happier days.

Sometimes her voice breathed in silvery words,
And her hand strayed carelessly over the chords,
Making uncertain melody,
Broken and wild as the wind-harp's sigh.

She had come from her own delicious clime,
With its vineyards and groves of the chesnut and
lime ;
From the flowers that basked 'neath unclouded skies,
Various and bright as the rainbow's dyes ;
From the tongues that praised her, the hearts that
adored,—
From the valleys and hills that her first songs heard.
She was lured from her land of sunshine and smiles,
By the meteor Hope, that so many beguiles.

And now, she was dying !—dying afar,
With clouded hopes, and an altered star ;
And her couch by strangers' hands was spread,
And unknown steps were around her bed.
She feared not death—she knew it must come,
But she thought 'twould be sweet to die at home ;
But, alas ! she knew that her wish was vain,
And she never must see her dear land again !

'Twas a summer sun-set, and that soft hour,
On the minstrel's soul had ever most power,
And she prayed she might leave the feverish hearth,
And once more into the evening go forth.
They led her out by the darkening sea,
And she thought of her own bright Italy,
And turned her eyes o'er the twilight wave,
Towards the spot where she wished so much for a grave.

She took her harp,—o'er each trembling string
Her fingers soon were wandering ;
Drawing forth note by note at first,
Careless of what the strain might be,
Till all at once the music burst
Into a sweet wild symphony;
And then the minstrel's soft voice rose,
While a tear was straying down her cheek,
Until she spake of her country's woes,
And then her song no more was weak ;
And there came an unearthly light o'er her eye,
And her voice had a tone of prophecy,
As she spake of the time when her land should be
Named with the nations of those who are free :
The black curls streamed on the ivory neck,—
Who would have thought that form was a wreck !
And the blue veins swelled in the sunken brow,
And her cheek had a wild and feverish glow,

And the hot tears into the dark eyes sprang,
As of her own dear home she sang.

But the song died away—and with it, too,
Faded the cheek's unnatural hue;
She bowed her head, and hushed were her words,
But her hand still wandered amidst the chords;
And that ceased too,—but they thought that she
Was but in some dream of ecstasy,
And had only paused awhile for breath—
Little thought they 'twas the pause of death!
They raised the tresses, that fell like a veil
Over the face—that face was pale;
Her heart was still—and her spirit, high,
Had passed with the soul of the melody!

STANZAS

WRITTEN ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1828.

'Tis past ! 'tis past!—the vanished year,—

The winds its dirge have sung,

And many a sad and silent tear

Hath in its last hours sprung.

The scattered leaves have been its shroud,

Its pall, the dark December cloud ;

The mystic veil, that hung

O'er it, hath fallen—what lay beneath

Was never shown us till its death.

And the new year hath ta'en its place,
 Like a fair duteous child,
 That mourns awhile — soon will the trace
 Of grief become more mild ;
 Its storms will then be passing showers,
 'Twill smile amidst a world of flowers,
 E'en as its parent smiled ;
 Then will it claim its rule o'er earth,
 'Midst summer bloom and sunny mirth.

The coming flowers ! they will be fair
 As were those past away ;
 The summer fruits ! oh, they will wear
 A tint, as last year's gay ;
 The stars of Heaven will be as bright,
 And shining with as glorious light ;—
 But shall *we* be as they ?

Alas, alas ! *we* shall not see
These things as they were wont to be !

Oh ! many smiles are dimmed by tears,
And dark is many a brow,
And eyes, that beamed in former years,
Are closed for ever now ;
The life from stricken hearts hath gushed,
And many a gentle voice is hushed,
Or only sounds in woe ;—
Oh, as the perished year flew by,
How many stars it quenched on high !

Yes !—we are changed ;—there is not one
Throughout the earth, from whom
Some lovely treasure hath not gone,
Of beauty or of bloom ;

And every year, and every day,
A something bright will pass away,
 Until we reach the tomb !
But there shall fade each earthly stain,
And we shall be all pure again.

LINES

WRITTEN BENEATH A DRAWING OF HEART'S-EASE, IN THE
ALBUM OF A LADY, WHO WAS PERSONALLY
UNKNOWN TO THE AUTHOR.

I cannot say, " Forget-me-not !"
For far from thee hath been my lot,
And I am all unknown to thee,
Though friendship thou hast shewn to me :
Thou would'st not thank me, if I sent
Thee nought but idle compliment ;
And what more grateful can I send
Than heart's-ease, to my unknown friend ?

Oh ! be that flow'ret still the wreath,
To bind thy brow, Elizabeth !
And, if in after years we meet,
May it still bloom there, fair and sweet ;
And thou, no more unknown, to me
A kind and steady friend may'st be ;
And I may then to thy blest store
Of heart's-ease add one blossom more !

THE POETESS.

SHE was a worshipped one !

Wreathed with a poet's crown ;
And o'er her path the sun
Of fame shone down.

And in the glittering crowd,
None were more praised than she ;
And idly flatterers bowed
To her the knee.

And when the wine was poured,
 To her the cup was crowned ;
 And, at the festal board,
 Her name went round.

Yet, was her young heart shut,
 And to their flattery chill ;
 For, oh ! her heart was but
 A woman's still,

Oh ! haughtier man may turn,
 To search for fame afar,
 And on his brow may burn
 Glory's false star.

But woman soonest sees

How fading is its light !

How soon its beauty flees,

And leaves but night.

Sweeter than bard ere sung,

Are the dear words that come

Warm from the heart and tongue

Of those at home !

Oh ! woman's heart is like

The silent ocean cave,

Where sunbeams never strike

Through the pure wave.

Yet in its treasure cells,
Far from the tempest's power,
Affection fondly dwells,
Like the sea-flower.

And countless, priceless heaps
Of gem-like feelings bright,
Hidden within its deeps,
Are all its light.

The glow of fame may play
Awhile upon its face,
But soon will pass away,
And have no place.

And, as the sunshine ne'er

Down to the sea cave came,

So never pierceth there

The light of fame.

“WE’VE MET AGAIN !”

Such a moment
Obliterates the memory of years
Of separation ; for one such dear meeting
I would endure a thousand parting pangs !
M. J. F.

“ WE’VE met again !” this very place
Witnessed our parting tears ;
’Twas hallowed by our fond embrace,
In well remembered years.
Here, the young wild birds sweetly sung,
And spring’s first leaves were green ;
Ours were the only clouds that hung
Upon that sun-bright scene.

" We've met again !" but changed is all

That then was fresh and fair ;

Fallen is the spring's rich coronal,

The trees stand scathed and bare.

And we ourselves are changed ; for now,

When nature looks so drear,

My happy heart, thy smiling brow,

Are all the bright things here.

" We've met again !" but we know not

How quickly we may part ;

How soon, even on this very spot,

The bitter tear may start.

But though from hence we may be driven,

Still we will not despair ;

We'll meet again, my love, in heaven,

And ne'er be parted there !

THE BIRTH-DAY BLESSING.

SHE wakes not yet,—and they have come
To watch her in her placid slumber ;
Her cheek and lip, untinged by gloom,
Show no dark thoughts her dreams encumber.

She sleeps !—and they have stolen there,
With steps that will not break her sleeping ;
To make their fond, but silent prayer
By her, while yet the dew is weeping.

The mists are yet the day-light's prison ;
The stars are still the sky adorning ;
Early that aged pair have risen,
For 'tis their daughter's birth-day morning !

That loveliest girl—their only one !
Death of the others hath bereft them :
Yet, through the storms that swept them down,
She, like a gift from heaven, was left them.

A beauteous gem, that could abide,
When all their other joys were perished ;
To shed her light through sorrow's tide,
To be the hope most fondly cherished.

Their thoughts are now upon that day,
When their last lovely babe was dying ;
And when they saw the pale, cold clay
A lifeless wreck before them lying.

And just as its pure life had fled,
This child unto their prayers was giv'n ;
As if they were, for those fair dead,
Paid in the precious coin of heaven.

And thoughts of mingled sad and sweet
Are in their secret bosoms springing ;
That day with joy and woe replete,
Is memory to their spirits bringing.

They have twined a wreath ;— those sunny curls

It will bedeck, when she awaketh ;

Oh ! dearer far than gold or pearls—

The offering that affection maketh !

But now she must no more repose ;

And from that wreath of many a blossom,

The mother takes that snow-white rose,

To drop upon as fair a bosom.

Soon will she wake ! oh, happy one !

Who, when thy fairy dreams shall leave thee,

Can quit bright smiles, that falsely shone,

For those that never shall deceive thee !

Blest daughter ! who, when thou shalt lift

The lids that now thine eyes are pressing,

Shall first behold a parent's gift,

And then receive a parent's blessing !

THE MARTYRS.

Already is the scourge prepared ;— the dungeons
Ope their expecting gates ;— the out-poured city
Pants for the spectacle.

MILMAN.

It was a low dark dungeon, where they sate
And brooded over their approaching fate ;
Betwixt them was a dim and fading lamp,
That scarce could live amidst the cavern's damp ;
Before them was a scroll, from which they read
Of how, for them, their blessed Master bled.
For they were Christians !—and their Christian faith
Was soon to be confirmed by blood and death.

They were but two,—a maiden young and fair,
With bright blue eye, and sunny clustering hair ;
With a clear brow, and sweet unfading cheek,
And heart as pure as heaven, and soul as meek ;
And hallowed lips, that piety inspires,
And spirit, that supports her aged sire's,
And bids him mark the brightest side of fate,—
Oh ! he had else been very desolate.
He sate beside her,—but a settled gloom
Was on his brow, too well he knew their doom ;
He knew the morrow's dawn would surely bring
A scene of horror, torture, suffering !
He heeded not himself ; but she—but she !
How would *she* bear it ? oh ; and must it be ?
Must that young lovely form become a wreck,
And must the bare steel glitter o'er that neck ?
He could not bear the thought, but turned his eye
Upon that dear, fair girl, in agony.

But she spake happily; and her light heart
Seemed some of its own feelings to impart
To his;—he felt more calm, he knew not why,
And the kind tear drops glistened in his eye.
And in each other's arms awhile they wept,
Until, exhausted, the poor captives slept.

'Twas morning; but they knew not day or night
Within these cells, where never shone the light;
But the hoarse voices, and the grating door,
And heavy steps upon the dungeon floor,
Told of the day;—the old man quickly rose,
Prepared for death,—prepared to meet his foes.
He called his daughter, but she answered not,—
He called again—then he approached the spot
Where she was sleeping;—motionless she lay,
Pale—stirless—cold: the soul had pass'd away!

Gentle and peaceful as a sleeping child
Were those sweet features—even now they smiled. !
He knew that she was blest ; there was no trace
Of aught but bliss upon that lovely face.
He gazed again, but did not shed a tear ;
Then turned him to the soldiers, who stood near,—
“ That was the only tie I had to earth ;
'Tis broken, lost,—now lead me—lead me forth ! ”

They led him forth,—with deathly look, and wan,
Amidst the crowd he stood—that pale old man !
There was a something in him that subdued
To pity, even that harsh multitude.
He stopped an instant,—to his bosom raised
His fettered hands, and on the clear sky gazed :—
“ See, see ! how bright the heavens ! lift up your eyes !
Her blessed spirit hovers in the skies.

Oh ! why an instant more my death delay ?
Make haste ! and let my glad soul pass away !—
I come, my child ! I come ;”—no more he said,
But sank upon the earth :—they raised him,—he
was dead !

THE HEART AND LYRE.

Here's the harp she used to touch ;
Oh ! how that touch enchanted.

MOORE.

SHE left her lyre within the hall,
When last she parted with her loved ;
And still it hangs upon the wall,—
He will not let it be removed.
Around that lyre of sweetest tone,
She twined a wreath of roses fair ;
And though their lovely hue is gone,
The withered blossoms still are there.

No hand hath touched its silver string,

Since last she waked a parting lay ;

To sweep its chords would only bring

A tuneless tale of its decay.

And there it hangs, slow mouldering,

Its sweetness gone, its passion quelled ;

And round it those dead roses cling,

Like withered hopes, still fondly held.

And his sad mourning heart is such,

No happy feeling it affords ;

It cannot bear the lightest touch

Of mirth upon its ruined chords.

Her name to him they ne'er repeat,

It would but waken thoughts of woe ;

And though 'twas once so very sweet,

He could not brook to hear it now.

He fixes on that lyre his eye

For hours, but never, never speaks ;

Unmoved he gazes, silently,

And only starts when some chord breaks.

It hath an echo in his heart,

Both mutely their bereavement bear ;

In her affections both had part,

And both are left to perish there !

ISABELLE.

My Isabelle ! my Isabelle !

They tell me that thy form

Hath not the wild and witching spell

It once possessed, when, warm

With youth and health, I saw thee glide

Amongst the young and fair ;

And they confessed my chosen bride

By far the loveliest there !

Those days are past, my love ! 'tis true ;

Our wealth is fled away ;

But there's a treasure ever new,

That never can decay :

And, though I loved when on thy brow

Rich gems thou used'st to wear,

I think thou'rt even lovelier now,

With flowers around thy hair.

They say thine eye hath lost its light,

Thy lip its smiling rose ;

And that thy cheek no longer bright

With blush and crimson glows ;

But shall I mourn thy beauty's flight,

That proved thy constancy ?

Or, call affection's tear-drops blight,

That dimmed thine eyes for me ?

No, dearest ! lovely still you are,

And lovely still must be ;

As for those who would cloud my star,

They do but envy me.

No eye shall watch my life's decline ;

No lip shall breathe farewell ;

No tear be shed for me, save thine,

My matchless Isabelle !

TO THE
MEMORY OF ELIZABETH SMITH :

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY HER GRAVE.

On earth, thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be ;
And e'en sorrow may cease to repine,
When we know that thy God is with thee !
BYRON.

I cannot gaze upon thy tomb,
Thou sweet departed one !
And think upon thy blessed doom,—
Thy task so quickly done ;
Thy swift release from pain and woe ;
Without the thought,—how happy thou !

It is with a strange sympathy
I look upon thy name,
And not without a wish that I
Might be the very same :
So loved, so blessed in thy life, —
So soon set free from earthly strife !

Thou wert most innocent ! thy heart
Had never bent to sin ;
No guilty passion had a part
Thy peaceful breast within :
Not one impure imagining
Around thy spotless soul could cling.

Thy gifted mind, where'er it turned,
In crowds or solitude ;
Still some new wonder there discerned,
Still found its heavenly food ;
But loved its lessons most to trace,
Written on nature's lovely face.

But thou art passed away !—the earth
Was not thy fitting shrine ;
Too dark its tears,—too rude its mirth,
For spirits such as thine.
Thou left'st thy wreath of fame's bright flowers,
For one more bright in Eden's bowers.

Many there were who loved thee ;— they

Sate by thy bed, and thought

Their cherished one would not decay ;

And lingering hope still caught

A colour from the rose that smiled

Upon thy cheek, and so beguiled !

But one there was, who thought not so,—

Thy mother's watchful eye

Marked on thy cheek the hectic glow,

And knew thy hour was nigh :

As the flush o'er the western sky

Tells us how soon the day will die.

The flower is wafted from its stem,

To rise a star to heaven ;

I cannot mourn thee, then, bright gem !

Back to thine own sphere given—

But wish, whilst gazing on thy shrine,

My life, my death, might be like thine !

STANZAS.

Oh, change ! such is in April weather !

L. E. L.

I said not, Lady, changed thou wast,
In outward form, or lovely face ;
Both, both are beauteous, as when last
We took a farewell fond embrace.
As pure and smooth is thy white brow,
As on that day we sadly parted ;
And thy dark eyes are smiling now,
With such bright beams as then they darted.

I said not, that thy dimpled cheek
Had less of beauty, as it blushed ;
I said not, when I heard thee speak,
Thy liquid voice less sweetly gushed ;
Or, as thou mingledst with the throng,
Thy young lips were less gladly smiling ;
Or, that the magic of thy song,
Was unto sadness less beguiling.

It is not in thy cheek and eye—
Lovely as ever still thou art ;
'Tis not in beauty's witchery,—
Oh ; Lady ! it is in thy heart !
There is the change of which I spake,—
Of love and truth is gone each token ;
Thy vows, proud maiden ! thou may'st break,
But with them will my heart be broken !

THE FOREBODING.

AYE, twine thy hair with a summer wreath,
And sing thy bridal song ;
Let fragrant flowers around thee breathe—
It will not be for long.

As that bright garland will decay,
Thy beauty will soon be gone ;
And thy very name will pass away,
Like thy sweet song's closing tone.

Aye, deck thee with that golden chain,

It severs with scarce a touch ;

Its strongest link is snapt in twain,

And thou wilt be as such ;—

And mingle with the thoughtless crowd,

And don thy gorgeous vest :

'Twill soon be changed,—for thy burial shroud

Already wraps thy breast.

Bright and clear the heavens are,

There is but one speck in the sky ;

But that speck covers thy natal star,

The star of thy destiny !

I gazed on that star last night,—it shook ;
And though it still faintly gleams,
It looks not as it was wont to look,
And a mist is over its beams.

I have read thy fate in a flowery braid ;—
I hung it on a tree—
I saw one bright rose fall and fade ;
'Twas the blossom I named for thee !

But mostly thy fortune I can tell,
From thy happiness and mirth,—
For when did bliss so perfect dwell
More than an instant on earth ?

“ MEET ME TO-MORROW !”

“ MEET me to-morrow !”

Though dark be the sky,
I still, love, can borrow
A light from thine eye !
Though the tempests of winter
Frown over thy path ;
And the winds the oaks splinter,
In storm-bursts of wrath ;

Though the rude rock be rifted,
That once proudly frowned,—
Though the deep snow be drifted
Thy pathway around,—
Yet, “ meet me to-morrow !”
Though dark be the sky ;
I still, love, can borrow
A light from thine eye.

Though the blossoms that graced them
Are gone from our bowers,
The snow hath replaced them
With wreaths, like white flowers.
And thy voice sweetly gushing,
My music shall be ;
And thy cheeks, softly blushing,
The roses for me !

Though the heavens should lour,
The wild torrent swell ;
We have only that hour
For saying ' Farewell !'
Then " meet me to-morrow !"
Though dark be the sky,
I still, love, can borrow
A light from thine eye !

Oh ! when I am roaming
Beyond the broad seas,
Where the flowers are blooming,
And leafy the trees ;
I shall not behold her,
My own maiden dear ;
And that spring will seem colder
Than winter is here !

Though fortune decree me
To leave this dear shore ;
At least, thou wilt see me,
And kiss me once more !
Then “ meet me to-morrow !”
Though dark be the sky,
I still, love, can borrow
A light from thine eye !

THE RECLUSE.

Say, gentle maid ! what prompts thee to forsake-
The paths thy birth and fortune strew with flowers ?
Through Nature's kind endearing ties to break,
And waste in cloistered walls thy pensive hours ?

JERNINGHAM.

THERE is a lingering beauty in her face,
Like the last hues of summer o'er a flower ;
THERE is a tenderness—a pensive grace,
Around her still ;—no angry passions lour
Upon her brow ;—and there's a chastened calm,
As if life's storms had fall'n on her in balm.

But still there is a something wanting yet ;—
Sometimes a sigh her gentle breast will swell ;
And, now and then, she looks as with regret,
On the stray sun-beams that illume her cell,—
As if she wished that she had wings to flee
In their bright track, and be at liberty.

She is not happy !—can a wild bird thrive,
Denied the common sun and common air ?
Or can a wilding forest flower survive
Imprisoned, though tended with the gentlest care ?
Yes—they may live, but all their life will be
A wreck of what they were when they were free !

She is not happy :—hark ! the vesper bell !

A passing colour dyes her faded cheek ;

She doth not love that sound of day's farewell—

To some, of peace and comfort it may speak ;

To her, it only brings a wildered maze

Of the sweet memories of her early days !

Lamps flame around her, and the organ's sound

Rolls, richly swelling, through the lofty dome ;

And her voice joins the choral band around ;

But vainly joins them, for her thoughts will roam

Back to the happy days, for ever gone,

When she adored, and was adored by one.

And she remembers how, at that soft hour, .

She wandered 'midst the chesnut trees with him,
And wore the wreath he twined of many a flower,
And how her voice rose through the twilight dim—
Her censers—flowers—her sister voice, the breeze—
And the broad boughs, her living canopies !

And memory brings to her the parting scene,

The words of anger all too rashly spoken ;
And, in a moment, as they ne'er had been,
Were all their gentle vows—all harshly broken ;
And how she sought for quiet in this spot,
And vainly sought it—oh, she finds it not !

Despair is o'er her!—she hath taught her brow
 An aspect calm and passionless to wear;
 Her tears are checked; but driven back, they flow
 Into her heart again, and centre there,
 Burning, though silent—like a lava lake,—
 Oh! 'twere relief, if that sad heart would break!

It may not be!—she shall abide her time,
 In silent suffering; and, it may be, long:
 The blossom, though its hues fade in its prime,
 Perhaps is rooted as another strong:—
 Yet, if she thought the next would be her knell,
 How gladly would she hear that vesper bell!

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN A FRIEND'S ALBUM.

Haply the little simple page
That votive thus I've traced for thee,
May now and then a look engage,
And steal a moment's thought for me.
MOORE.

SOME love to have their memories kept
In records on the sculptured stone,
For crowds to see,—let me be wept
But by one faithful heart alone ;
Some strive to seize the flowers of fame,
Forgetting that though bright, they're brief ;
But prouder far am I, to claim
From friendship's wreath this simple leaf.

Oh ! from the world I'd pass away,
Like snow-wreaths from a wintry scene ;
Or, as a cloud of yesterday,
Forgotten, as I ne'er had been.
Yet in one place my name shall be,
And on one tablet have a part—
That place, thy faithful memory ;
That tablet, thine own gentle heart !

THE ACTRESS.

Yes ;—place that gem upon thy brow,
Slide that bright ring upon thy finger ;
Yet, sweet one ! ere thou goest, now
One instant on the threshold linger,

And let me gaze upon thy form ;—
That breast, with hope and terror panting ;
That neck and brow with blushes warm—
Why there is not one beauty wanting !

But there's a flutter o'er thy frame,
A tremor thou can'st not dissemble,—
Wherefore, when on the eve of fame,
Why dost thou blush and smile, yet tremble?

Thou never was't so splendid yet!—
That crimson robe, of queenly seeming,
That richly sparkling coronet,
With thy dark curls beneath it streaming;

That regal sceptre in thy hand :
Oh, lovely ! can'st thou doubt of favour !
Then why with trembling limbs thus stand ?
What ; can thy royal courage waver ?

Go forth ! go forth ! and hear the first

Of loud applauses that shall meet thee :

Go forth ! and listen to the burst

Of admiration that shall greet thee !

Aye, now thou stand'st before the crowd,

In all thy beauty's youthful blossom—

Why dost thou weep ? why hast thou bowed

Thy head upon thy snowy bosom ?

Look up ! look up ! a thousand eyes

Are fixed in wondering rapture on thee,—

Oh ! now the praise would'st thou despise,

That thou at such a price hast won thee ?

Alas ! thou know'st not, that the breath
Of fame will touch thee but to blast thee ;
And, as the flower that perisheth
In the siroc, so shall it waste thee !

And, fair one ! in thy coming years,
When woe of beauty hath bereft thee ;
And nothing real, save the tears,
That now thou feign'st so well, is left thee ;—

Still, all shall be as false and fair
As is the pathway thou art going ;
False gems shall sparkle in thy hair,
False blushes on thy cheek be glowing.

Farewell ! I shall not see thee more ;

I trust I shall not know thy sorrow,

Know thy heart sickening at its core,

Whilst thou a mask of smiles must borrow.

I would not brook the memories

Of thy high hopes, all lost and blighted,

For all the buried gold that lies

In caverns by the diamond lighted.

Yet I shall often think of thee ;

And when, perchance thy name is spoken,

I shall, beneath thy show of glee,

Wonder, if yet thy heart be broken !

STANZAS.

WRITTEN ON THE DAY THE AUTHOR COMPLETED HER FIFTEENTH
YEAR, SEPTEMBER 24, 1827.

How little do we know of what we are ;
How less, what we may be ! BYRON.

AND can it be ? another year is gone !

Past, like an April day of tears and light,

Is that last year,—and I am hastening on,

With trembling steps, towards future bliss or blight.

The springs of joy and sorrow are unsealed ;

The veil is gone, and human life revealed !

And there are fresh seeds sown within my heart,
Of things that were not there in former years ;
And they already have begun to start
Into a thousand shadowy hopes and fears !
As the yet scarce seen world first smiles, then lours ;
How will those tender buds put forth their flowers ?

They may come forth in smiles, proudly and sweet,
And breathing their rich incense unto heaven ;
They may come forth with tears of woe replete,
And all their fragrant dew to earth be given ;
They may spring from affection's gentlest showers,
Or they may be dark, feverish passion flowers !

They may be blessed, and their fruit may live,

Precious, and treasured in full many a soul ;

They may be bitter, and may only give

Poison, whose deadly influence mocks control ;

They may rise 'neath the sunny sky of love,

Or with a dark and frowning cloud above.

But, be it as it may, it is not mine

To search the purpose of futurity :—

Whether o'er my path falls darkness or sunshine ;

Or joy or sorrow shall my portion be ;

By light breeze wafted, or by tempest driven,

I bow me only to the will of heaven !

SACRED PIECES.

Song is but the eloquence of truth.

CAMPBELL.

ECCE HOMO.

BEHOLD the Man of Nazareth !
Who died to save our souls from death.
Behold the Man !—in every stage
Of his short earthly pilgrimage ;
In every step on earth he trod,
Behold the Man,—and own a God !

Behold Him in the manger laid,
With scarcely shelter for his head :
And hark ! the angelic hosts on high
Shout the full chorus of the sky.
There, where his earthly race began,
Lowly and poor,—behold the Man !

Behold the Man !—He doth but touch
The dead, and they no more are such ;
The blind have sight, the sad rejoice,
The dumb adore him with their voice ;
The lame arise, the sick are healed ;
And the poor sinner's pardon sealed.

Who meekly stands before the crowd,
His head upon his bosom bowed ;
Insulted, mocked, and buffeted—
The crown of thorns upon his head ;
With bleeding brow, and features wan ;
Can this be he ?— behold the Man !

Behold the Man in Calvary,
Hanging upon the bloody tree,
Turn to the dying thief his eyes,
And promise him his Paradise.
See ! see his mortal agony !
Behold the Man !— he died for thee !

Now look again,—and see him rise
On beams of glory to the skies ;
While the rejoicing angels own
Their King, and hail him to his throne :
Behold Him there still intercede,
For those for whom on earth he bled.

Oh ! by his mercy and his grace,
May we there see Him face to face ;
Then shall the dark veil be withdrawn,
Then the eternal day will dawn ;
And in that blessed bright abode,
Behold the Man—a glorious God !

THE STAR OVER THE WATER.

O'er a troubled sea,
Brightening the storm it cannot calm.
MOORE.

SEE that beauteous star on high,
Shining o'er the tranquil main !
Which appears a second sky,
Where that star may live again.
See it in calm purity,
Mirrored in the glassy sea.

Now, behold the evening breeze
O'er the quiet waters sweep,
That bright image in the seas
Trembles with the trembling deep ;
But departs not, for the star
Still is shining from afar.

So the Christian's heaven appears,
Mirrored in life's placid sea ;
So it shines through happy years,
In its pure serenity.
For undying hope must be
Shadowed from reality.

But, if tempests should arise

**With the storm that hope may shake,
Though reflected from the skies,**

**It can never quite forsake ;
And will still, while surges roll,
Tremble, and yet light the soul !**

“LET US PRAY!”

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer !

MONTGOMERY.

LET us pray ! when morn's first light
Pierceth through the clouds of night ;
While the flowers are dewy yet,
Ere the twinkling stars are set ;
Ere the strife and stir begin,
Of this world of woe and sin—
For a blessing on the day,
To its Maker,—let us pray !

Let us pray ! amidst the strife
Of the city's varied life ;
In the pageant, in the crowd,
'Midst the humble or the proud ;
With the foe or with the friend,
May the voiceless prayer ascend ;
With the mournful or the gay,
Young or aged —let us pray !

Let us pray ! when over heaven
Comes the lovely light of even ;
When the distant vesper hymn,
Rising through the twilight dim,
On the evening wind sweeps by,
Like an air-harp's melody ;
When the distant sea is gray,
At that soft hour —let us pray !

Let us pray ! when storms arise,
Darkening o'er the azure skies ;
When the thunder tempests come
Bursting o'er our peaceful home ;
When the angry lightnings flash ;
When the rain's thick torrents dash—
In that hour of wild dismay,
For protection—let us pray !

Let us pray ! when winter drear
Closeth in the vanished year ;
Wraps in snow the lofty hill,
Chains in frost the lowly rill ;
When let loose, the chilling breeze
Sweeps the last leaves from the trees ;
When the summer flowers decay,
Looking on them—let us pray !

Let us pray!—Around the hearth,
Check the voice of childish mirth;
Ere they go to rest in peace,
Bid the infants' prattle cease;
Teach the spotless heart to rise
With its evening sacrifice;
While the artless prayer they say,
With our children—let us pray!

Let us pray! when slumber flies,
And the sad tear dims our eyes;
When there is no voice or sound
In the midnight stillness round;
When fear's dark forebodings start,
Clouding o'er the mourning heart;
For bright hope's consoling ray:
In the silence—let us pray!

Let us pray ! when at the last
Joy and sorrow shall have past ;
When around our dying bed
Sighs are breathed and tears are shed ;
In that hour of awful thought,
When the things of earth are nought,
Ere the spirit flees away—
For heaven's mercy, let us pray !

SIGNS.

WHEN the bright rainbow shines on high,
Like a triumphal arch,
Flung o'er the dreadful pageantry
Of the dark tempest's march ;
Though still the thunder shakes the air,
We know that peace will soon be there.

Thus, when the sinner's heart begins
To look towards One above,
And when he sorrows for his sins,
Comes heaven's own sign of love ;
And though still falls the dark'ning tear,
We know a holy calm is near.

When the green leaves of April fall,
And the spring birds are mute,
And the rich autumn's coronal
Is gemmed with ripened fruit ;
The peasant sees, with joyful eye,
The blessing of his labour nigh.

And so, when falls hope's sunny wreath,
That crowned our first spring hours ;
And when the chilly hand of death
Plucks all life's tender flowers,
We will not weep,— God fills their place
With the rich treasures of his grace.

When twilight darkens o'er the earth,
And the low breezes sigh,
The lonely evening star looks forth,
Like to a seraph's eye ;
We know 'twill be—one short hour o'er—
But one amongst a thousand more :

So when the parting soul is veiled,
 With dreariness and gloom,
And when its quiet is assailed
 With terrors of the tomb —
The holy star of hope is given,
To herald all the light of heaven.

“THY WILL BE DONE!”

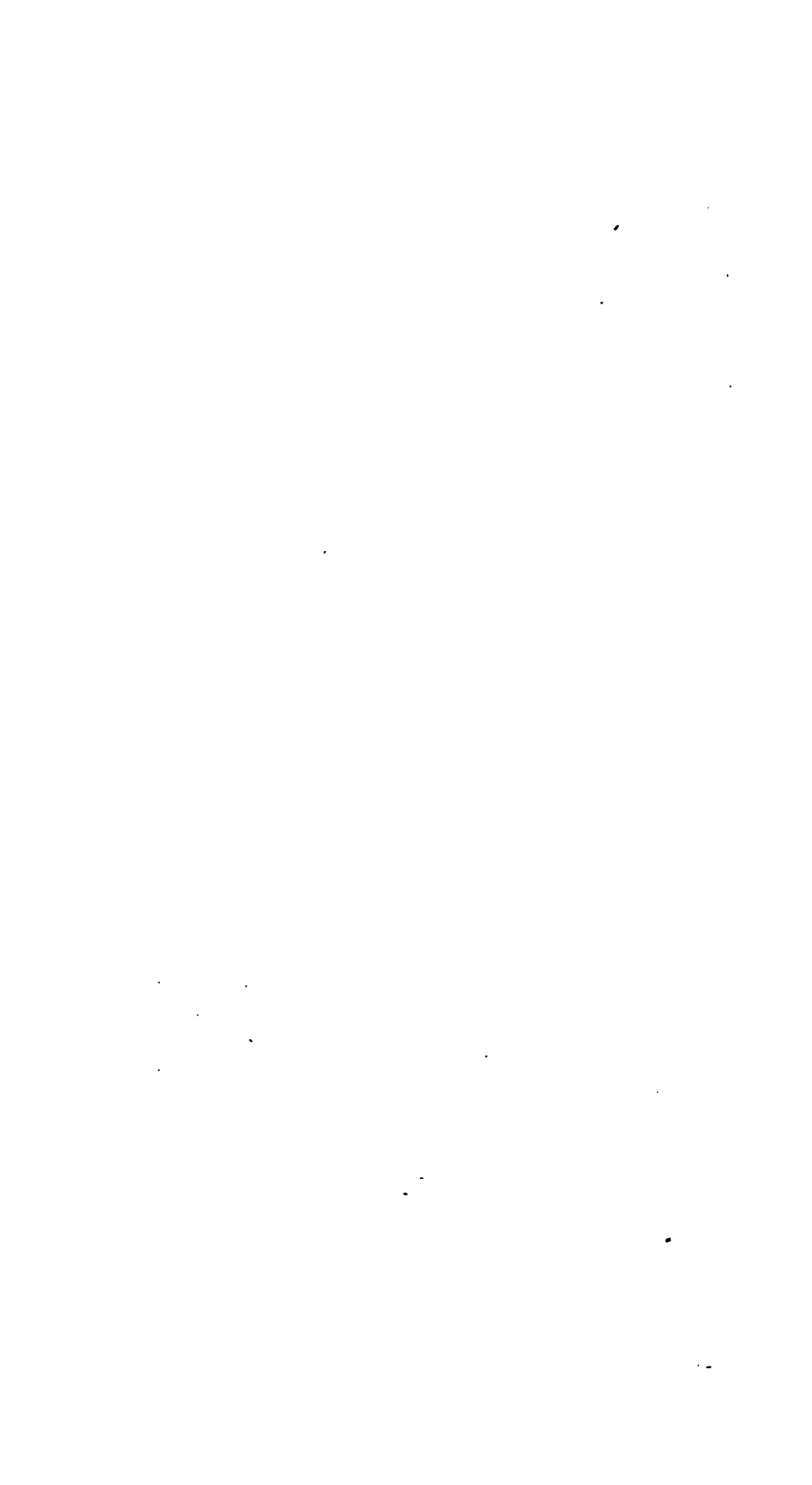
**It is a short and simple prayer ;
But 'tis the Christian's stay,
Through every varied scene of care,
Until his dying day.
As through the wilderness of life,
Calmly he wanders on,
His prayer in every time of strife,
Is still, “ Thy will be done !”**

When in his happy infant years,
He treads 'midst thornless flowers;
When pass away his smiles and tears
Like April suns and showers :
Then, kneeling by his parents' hearth,
Play-tired, at set of sun ;
What is the prayer he murmurs forth ?—
“ Father! thy will be done.”

When the bright summer sky of time,
Cloudless, is o'er him spread ;
When love's bright wreath is in its prime,
With not one blossom dead :
Whilst o'er his hopes, and prospects fair,
No mist of woe hath gone,
Still, he repeats the first-taught prayer—
“ Father ! thy will be done.”

But when his sun no longer beams,
And love's sweet flowers decay ;
When all hope's rainbow-coloured dreams,
Are sadly wept away ;
As a flower bent beneath the storm,
Still fragrantly breathes on :
So when dark clouds life's heaven deform,
He prays, " Thy will be done ! "

And when the winter of his age
Sheds o'er his locks its snows ;
When he can feel his pilgrimage
Fast drawing to a close :
Then, as he finds his strength decline,
This is his prayer alone ;
" To Thee my spirit I resign—
Father, thy will be done ! "



ERRATA.

Page 33, line 13, for "showery," read *showering*.

75, Motto to 'The Painter,' for "Lillisen," read *Lillian*.

156, line 13, for "Where deep roses," read Where *the*, &c.

163, — 11, for "brave," read *have*.

189, — 10, for "vision," read *visions*.

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